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*CHIPPINGE.*<sup>1</sup>

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CHAPTER XXV.

AT STAPYLTON.

It was about a week before his encounter with Vaughan in the Park—and on a fine autumn day—that the Honourable Bob, walking with Sir Robert by the Garden Pool, allowed his eyes to travel over the prospect. The smooth-shaven lawns, the stately lichened house, the far-stretching park, with its beech-knolls and slopes of verdure, he found all fair; and when to these, when to the picture on which his bodily eyes rested, he added that portrait of Mary—in white muslin and blue ribbons, bowing her graceful head while Sir Robert read prayers—which he carried in his memory, he told himself that he was an uncommonly happy fellow.

Beauty he might have had, wealth he might have had, family, too. But to alight on all in such perfection, to lose his heart where his head approved the step, was a gift of fortune so rare that, as he strutted and talked by the side of his host, his face beamed with ineffable good-humour.

Nevertheless, for a few moments silence had fallen between the two; and little by little Sir Robert's face had assumed a grave and downcast look. He sighed more than once, and when he spoke, it was to repeat in different words what he had already announced.

'Certainly, you may speak,' he said, in a tone slightly formal.

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'And I can admit little doubt, Mr. Flixton, that your overtures will be received as they deserve.'

'Yes? Yes?' Flixton answered with manifest delight. 'You think so? You really think so, Sir Robert?'

'I think so,' his host replied. 'Not only because your suit is in every way eligible, and one which does us honour.' He bowed courteously as he uttered the compliment. 'But because, Mr. Flixton, for docility—and I think a husband may congratulate himself on the fact—'

'To be sure! To be sure!' Flixton cried, not permitting him to finish. 'Yes, Sir Robert, capital! You mean that if I am not a happy man—'

'It will not be the fault of your wife,' Sir Robert said; remembering with a faint twinge of conscience that the Honourable Bob's past had not been without its histories.

'No! By gad, Sir Robert, no! You're quite right! By the Lord she's got an ank——' He stopped abruptly, his mouth open; bethinking himself, when it was almost too late, that her father was not the person to whom to detail her personal charms.

But Sir Robert had not divined the end of the sentence. He was a trifle deaf. 'Yes?' he said.

'She's an an——animated manner, I was going to say,' Flixton continued with more readiness than fervour. And he blessed himself for his presence of mind.

'Animated? Yes, certainly animated. But, gentle also,' Sir Robert replied, 'I should say that gentleness, and—and indeed, my dear fellow, goodness, were the—the striking qualities in her. But perhaps I am saying more than I should?'

'Not at all!' Flixton answered with heartiness. 'Not at all! Gad, I could listen to you all day, Sir Robert.'

He had listened, indeed, during a large part of the past week and with so much effect that those histories to which reference has been made had almost faded from the elder man's mind. Flixton seemed to him a hearty, manly young fellow, a little boastful and self-assertive, but remarkably sound. A soldier, who asked nothing better than to put down the rabble rout which was troubling the country; a Tory, of precisely his, Sir Robert's, opinions; the younger son of a peer, too, and a West Country peer to boot. In fine, he deemed him a staunch, open-air patrician, with good old-fashioned instincts, and none of that intellectual conceit, none of

those cranks and fads and follies, which had ruined a man who also might have been Sir Robert's son-in-law.

With that man, Sir Robert, partly because his conscience pricked him at times by suggesting impossible things, was still bitterly angry. So angry that, had the Baronet been candid, he must have acknowledged that the Honourable Bob's main virtue was his unlikeness to Arthur Vaughan. It was in proportion as he differed from the young fellow who had so meanly intrigued to gain his daughter's affections that Flixton appeared desirable to the father. Even those histories proved that, at any rate, he had blood in his veins; while his loud good-nature, his positiveness, as long as it marched with Sir Robert's positiveness, his short views, all gained by contrast. 'I am glad he is a younger son,' the baronet thought. 'He shall take the old Vermuyden name!' And he lifted his handsome shapely chin a little higher as he pictured the honours that, even in a changed and worsened England, might cluster about his house. After all, and if the Bill passed, he had a seat alternately with the Lansdownes; and in a future which would know nothing of Lord Lonsdale's cat-o'-nine-tails, in which pocket boroughs would be rare, and great peers would be left with scarce a representative, much might be done with half a seat.

Suddenly, 'Damme, Sir Robert,' Flixton cried, 'there is the little beau—hem!—there she is, I mean. With your permission I think I'll join her.'

'By all means, by all means,' Sir Robert answered indulgently. 'You need not stand on ceremony with me.'

Flixton waited for no more. Possibly he had no mind to be bored, now that he had gained what he wanted. He hurried after the slim figure with the floating white skirts and the Leghorn hat, which had descended the steps of the house, moved lightly across the lawns—and vanished. He guessed, however, whither she was bound. He knew that she had a liking for walking in the wilderness behind the house; a beech wood which was already beginning to put on its autumn glory. And sure enough, hastening to a point among the smooth grey trunks where three paths met, he discerned her a hundred paces away, walking slowly from him with her eyes raised.

'Squirrels!' Flixton thought. And he made up his mind to bring the terriers and have a hunt on the following Sunday afternoon. In the meantime he had another quarry in view, and he made after the white-frocked figure.

She heard his tread on the carpet of dry beech-leaves, and she turned and saw him. She had come out on purpose to be alone; that she might consider at her leisure the fresh and astonishing views which, in this new life, were continually opening before her. Or possibly that was but a pretext; an excuse to herself, and an easy explanation to others of a love of solitude, which was not natural at her age. For, for certain, amid sombre thoughts of her mother, she thought more often and more sombrely in these days of another; of happiness which she had forfeited by her own act; of weakness, and cowardice, and ingratitude; of a man's head that stooped to her adorably, and then again of a man's eyes that burned her with contempt.

Most likely, therefore, she was not overjoyed when she saw Mr. Flixton. But Sir Robert was so far right in his estimate of her nature, that she hated to give pain. It was there, perhaps—yes, it was probably there, that she was weak. And so, seeing the Honourable Bob, she smiled pleasantly on him.

'You have discovered a favourite haunt of mine,' she said. She did not add that she spent a few minutes of every day there; that the smooth beech-trunks knew the touch of her burning cheeks, and the rustle of the falling leaves the whisper of her penitence. Daily she returned by way of the Kennel Path, and there breathed a prayer for her mother, where a mother's arms had first enfolded her, and a mother's kisses won her love. What she did add was, 'I often come here.'

'I know you do,' the Honourable Bob replied, with a look of admiration. 'I assure you, Miss Mary, I could astonish you with the things I know about you!'

'Really?'

'Oh, yes—really!'

There was a significant chuckle in his voice which brought the blood to her cheeks. But she was determined to ignore its meaning. 'You are observant?' she said.

'Of those—yes, by Jove, I am of those I admire,' he rejoined eagerly. He had it on his tongue to say 'those I love,' but she turned her eyes on him at the critical moment, and though he was doing a thing which he had often done, and he had impudence enough, his tongue failed him. There are women so naturally modest that until the one man who awakens the heart appears it seems an outrage to speak to them of love. Mary Vermuyden, perhaps by reason of her bringing up, was one of these; and though



Flixton had had little to do with women of her kind, he recognised the fact and bowed to it. He came having her father's leave to speak to her; yet he found himself less at his ease than on many a less legitimate occasion. 'Yes, by Jove,' he repeated. 'I observe them, I can tell you.'

Mary laughed. 'Some are more quick to notice than others,' she said.

'And to notice some than others!' he rejoined, gallantly. 'That is what I mean. Now that old girl who is with you——'

'Miss Sibson?' Mary said, setting him right with some stiffness.

'To be sure! She isn't young, is she? Anyway, you don't suppose I could say what she wore yesterday! But what you wore, Miss Mary——' he tried to catch her eye and ogle her—'ah, couldn't I! But then you don't wear powder on your nose, nor need it!'

'I don't wear it,' she answered, laughing in spite of herself. 'But you don't know what I may do some day! And for Miss Sibson, it does not matter, Mr. Flixton, what she wears. She has one of the kindest hearts, and was one of the kindest friends I had—or could have had—when things were different with me.'

'Oh, yes, good old girl,' he rejoined, 'but snubby! Bitten my nose off two or three times, I know. And come now, not quite an angel, you know, Miss Mary!'

'Well,' she replied smiling, 'she is not, perhaps, an angel to look at. But——'

'She can't be! For she is not like you!' he cried exultantly. 'And you are one! You are the angel for me!' looking at her with impassioned eyes. 'I'll never want another, nor ask to see one!'

His look frightened her; she began to think he meant—something. And she took a new way with him. 'How singular it is,' she said thoughtfully, 'that people say those things in society! Because they sound so very silly—to one who has not lived in your world.'

'Silly!' Flixton replied in a tone of mortification; and for a moment he felt the check. He was really in love to a moderate extent; and on the way to be more deeply in love, were he thwarted. Therefore he was, to a moderate extent, afraid of her. And 'Silly?' he repeated. 'Oh, but I mean it, so help me! I do indeed! It's not silly to call you an angel, for I swear you are as beautiful as one. That's true anyway!'

'How many have you seen? And what coloured wings had

they?' she asked, ridiculing him. But her cheek was hot 'Don't say, if you please,' she continued, before he could speak, 'that you've seen me. Because that is only saying over again what you've said, Mr. Flixton. And that is worse than silly. It is dull.'

'Miss Mary,' he cried pathetically, 'you don't understand me! I want to assure you—I want to make you understand——'

'Hush!' she said, cutting him short, in an earnest whisper. And halting, she extended a hand behind her to stay him. 'Please don't speak!' she continued. 'Do you see the beauties? Flying round and round the tree after one another faster than your eyes can follow them. One, two, three—three squirrels! I never saw one, do you know,' she went on in a tone of hushed rapture, 'until I came here. And until now I never saw them at play. Oh, who could harm them?'

He stood behind her, biting his lip with vexation, and quite untouched by the scene, which, whether her raptures were feigned or not, was warrant for them. Hitherto he had had to do with women who met him halfway; who bridled at a compliment, were alive to an *équivoque*, and knew how to simulate, if they did not feel, a soft confusion under his gaze. For this reason Mary's backwardness, her easy manner, her apparent belief that they were friends of the same sex, puzzled him, nay, angered him. As she stood before him, a hand still extended to check his advance, the sunshine which filtered through the beech-leaves cast a soft radiance on her figure. She seemed more dainty, more graceful, more virginal than aught that he had ever encountered in the garb of woman. It was in vain that he told himself, with irritation, that she was but a girl after all: that, under her aloofness, she was a woman like the others; as vain, passionate, flighty, as jealous as other women. He knew that he stood in awe of her. He knew that the words which he had many a time uttered so lightly—to those to whom he had no right to address them—stuck in his throat now. He wanted to say, 'I love you!' and he had the right to say it. Yet he dared not. All the boldness which he had exhibited in her presence in Queen's Square—where another had stood tongue-tied—was gone.

He took at last a desperate step. The girl was within arm's reach of him; her delicate waist, the creamy white of her slender neck, invited him. Be she never so innocent, never so maidenly, a kiss, he told himself, would awaken her. It was his experience, it

was a scrap drawn from his store of worldly wisdom, that a woman kissed was a woman won.

As he thought of it, his heart began to riot, as it had not rioted from that cause since he had kissed the tobacconist's daughter at Exeter; his first essay in gallantry. Only the bold, he reminded himself, deserve the fair! And how often had he boasted that, where women were concerned, lips were made for other things than talking!

And—and in a moment it was done.

Twice! Then she slipped from his grasp, and stood at bay with flaming cheeks and eyes that—that had certainly not ceased to be virginal. 'You! You!' she cried, barely able to articulate. 'Don't touch me!'

She had been taken utterly, wholly by surprise; and the shock was immensely increased by the facts of her bringing-up, and the restraints and traditions of school-life. In his grasp, with his hot breath on her cheek, all those notions about ravening wolves and the danger which attached to beauty in low places— notions no longer applicable, had she taken time to reason—returned upon her in force. The man had kissed her.

'How—how dare you?' she continued, trembling with rage and indignation.

'But your father——'

'How dare you?'

'Your father sent me,' he pleaded, crestfallen. 'He gave me leave——'

'To insult me?' she cried.

'No, but—but you won't understand!' he reasoned querulously. He was quite chapfallen. 'You don't listen to me. I want to marry you. I want you to be my wife. Your father said I might come to you, and—and ask you. And—you'll say "Yes," won't you—without any silliness? That's a good girl!'

'Never,' she answered.

He stared at her, and turned very red.

'Oh, nonsense!' he stammered. And he made as if he would go nearer. 'You don't mean it. My dear girl! Listen to me! I do love you! And I—I tell you what it is, I—never loved any woman——'

But she looked at him in such a way that he could not go on. 'Do not say those things!' she said. And her austerity was

terrible to him. 'And go, if you please. My father, if he sent you to me——'

'He did!'

'Then he did not,' she replied with dignity, 'understand my feelings.'

'But—but you must marry some one,' he complained. 'You know, you're making a great fuss about nothing!'

'Nothing!' she cried, her eyes sparkling anew. 'You insult me, Mr. Flixton, and——'

'If a man may not kiss the girl he wants to marry——'

'If she does not want to marry him? What then?' she retorted with fine contempt.

'But it's not as bad as that,' he pleaded. 'No, by Jove. You'll not be so cruel. Come, Miss Mary, listen, listen to me a minute. You must marry some one, you know. You are young, and I'm sure you've the right to choose——'

'I've heard enough,' she struck in, interrupting him with something of Sir Robert's hauteur. 'I understand now what you meant, and I forgive you. But I can never be anything to you, Mr. Flixton——'

'You can be everything to me,' he declared. 'It couldn't, it really couldn't be that she meant to refuse him! Finally and altogether!'

'But you can be nothing to me!' she answered cruelly—very cruelly for her, but her cheek was tingling. 'Nothing! Nothing! And that being so, I beg that you will leave me.'

He looked at her with a mixture of supplication, resentment, chagrin. But she showed no sign of relenting. 'You really—you really do mean it!' he muttered with a sickly smile. 'Come, Miss Mary, think of it!'

'Don't! Don't!' she cried, as if his words pained her. And that was all. 'Please go,' she said, 'or I shall go.'

The Honourable Bob's conceit had been so far taken out of him that he felt that he could make no farther fight at this time. He could see no sign of relenting, and feeling that, with all his experience, he had played his cards ill, he turned away gloomily. 'Oh, I will go,' he said. And he longed to add something witty. But he could not add anything. He, Bob Flixton, the hero of so many *bonnes fortunes*, to be refused! He had laid his all, and *pour le bon motif*, at the feet of a girl who but yesterday was a little schoolmistress. And she had refused him! It was impossible! It was incredible! But, alas! it was also a fact.

He returned to the house ; and Mary, the moment his back was turned, hurried towards the Kennels to hide her hot cheeks and Ocalm her feelings in the depths of the shrubbery. ddly enough, her first thoughts were less of that which had just happened to her than of that suit which had been paid to her months before. This man might love her or not ; she could not tell. But Arthur Vaughan had loved her ; the fashion of this love taught her to prize the fashion of that.

He had loved her. And if he had treated her as Mr. Flixton had treated her, would she have clung to him—she wondered in a tumult of feeling. She believed that she would. But the mere thought set her knees trembling, made her cheeks flame afresh, filled her with rapture. So that, shamefaced, frightened, glancing this way and that, as one hunted, she longed to be within doors, longed to be safe in her room, there to cry at her ease.

Doubtless it was natural that the incident should turn her thoughts to that other love-making, and presently to her father's furious dislike of that other lover. She could not understand that dislike ; for the Bill, and the Borough, Franchise or No Franchise, were nothing to her. And the grievance, when Sir Robert had essayed to explain it, had been nothing. To her mind Trafalgar and Waterloo and the greatness of England were the work of Nelson and Wellington—at the remotest perhaps, of Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh. She could not enter into the reasoning which attributed these and all other blessings of her country to a System ! To a System, which it seemed her lover was pledged to overthrow.

She walked until the heat of her cheeks had somewhat abated, and then, yearning for the security of her own chamber, she made for the house. She saw nothing of Flixton ; no one was stirring. Already she thought herself safe, and it was the very spirit of mischief which brought her, at the corner of the church, face to face with her father. Sir Robert's brow was clouded, and the 'My dear, one moment,' with which he stayed her, was pitched in a more decisive key than he commonly used to her.

'I wish to speak to you, Mary,' he continued. 'Will you come with me to the library.'

She would fain have postponed the debate on Mr. Flixton's proposal ; but her father, affectionate and mild as he was, was unfamiliar, and she had not the courage to make her petition. So she followed him, with a sinking heart, to the library. And when he pointed to a seat, she was glad to sit down.

He took up his own position on the hearthrug, whence he looked at her with a grave seriousness before he spoke. At length :

'My dear,' he said, 'I am sorry for this, though I do not blame you ! I think that you do not understand—owing to those drawbacks of your early life which have otherwise, thank God, left so slight a mark upon you—that there are things which at your time of life you must leave to the decision of your elders.'

She looked at him, and there was not that complete docility in her look which he expected to find. 'I don't think I understand, sir,' she murmured.

'But you can easily understand this, Mary,' he replied, 'that young girls of your age, without experience of life or of—of the darker side of things, cannot be allowed to judge for themselves on all occasions. There are sometimes circumstances to be weighed which it is not possible to detail to them.'

She closed her eyes for an instant to collect her thoughts. 'But—but, sir,' she said, 'you cannot wish me to have no will—no choice—in a matter which affects me so nearly.'

'No,' he said, speaking seriously and with something approaching sternness, 'but that will and that choice must be guided. Your feelings are natural—God forbid that I should think them otherwise ! But you must leave the decision to me.'

She looked at him, aghast. She had heard, but had never believed, that in the upper classes matches were arranged after this fashion. But to have no will and no choice in such a thing as marriage ! She must be dreaming.

'You cannot,' he continued, looking at her firmly but not unkindly, 'have either the knowledge of the past,' with a slight grimace, as of pain, 'or the experience needful to enable you to measure the result of the step you take. You must, therefore, let your seniors decide for you.'

'But I could never—never,' she answered, with a deep blush, 'marry a man without—liking him, sir.'

'Marry ?' Sir Robert repeated. He stared at her.

She returned the look. 'I thought, sir,' she faltered, with a still deeper blush, 'that you were talking of that.'

'My dear,' he said gravely, 'I am referring to the subject on which I understood that you requested Miss Sibson to speak to me.'

'My mother !' she whispered, the colour fading suddenly.

He paused a moment. Then, 'You would oblige me,' he said slowly and formally, 'by calling her Lady Sybil Vermuyden !'

'But she is—my mother,' she protested.

He looked at her, his head slightly bowed, his lower lip thrust out. 'Listen,' he said soberly. 'What you propose—to go to her, I mean—is impossible. Impossible, let that be thoroughly understood. There must be an end of any thought of it!' His tone was cold, but not unkind. 'The thing must not be mentioned again, if you please, Mary.'

She was silent for a moment. Then, 'Why, sir?' she asked. She spoke tremulously, and with an effort. But he had not expected her to speak at all.

Yet he merely continued, as he stood on the hearthrug, to look at her askance. 'That is for me,' he said, 'to decide.'

'But—'

'But I will tell you,' he said, stiffly. 'Because she has already ruined part of your life!'

'I forgive her, from my heart!' Mary cried.

'And ruined also,' he continued, entirely disregarding the interruption, 'a great part of mine. At your age I do not think fit to tell you all. It is enough that she robbed me of you, and deceived me. Deceived me,' he repeated more bitterly, 'through long years when you, my daughter, might have been my comfort and—' he ended almost inaudibly—'my joy.'

He turned his back on her with the word, and paced the room, his chin sunk on his breast. It was clear to Mary, watching him with loving, pitying eyes, that his thoughts were with the unhappy past; with the short fever, the ignoble contentions of his married life, or with the lonely, soured years which had followed; that he was laying to his wife's charge the wreck of his life, and the slow dry-rot which had sapped hope, and strength, and development.

Mary waited until his step trod the carpet less hurriedly. Then, as he paused to turn, she stepped forward.

'Yet, sir, forgive her!' she cried; and there were warm tears in her voice.

He turned and looked at her. Possibly he was astonished at her persistence. 'Never!' he said in a tone of finality. 'Never! Never! Let that be the end.'

But Mary had been dreaming of this moment for days, and she had resolved that come what might, though he frown, though his tone grow hard and his eye angry, though he bring to bear on her the stern command of his eagle visage, she would not be found



lacking a second time. She would not again give way to her besetting weakness, and spend sleepless nights in futile remorse. Diffidence in the lonely schoolmistress had been pardonable, had been natural. But now, if she were indeed sprung from those who had a right to hold their heads above the crowd, if the doffed hats which greeted her when she went abroad, in the streets of Chippinge as well as in the lanes and roads—if these meant anything, shame on her if she proved craven.

‘It cannot be the end, sir,’ she said in a low voice. ‘For she is—still my mother. And she is alone and ill. And she needs me.’

He had begun to pace the room anew—this time with an impatient, angry step—but at the sound of her voice he stood and faced her, and she needed all her courage to support the gloom of his look. ‘How do you know?’ he retorted. For Miss Sibson, discharging an ungrateful task, had not entered into details. ‘Have you seen her?’

She felt that she must judge for herself. And though her mother had said something to the contrary, and hitherto she had obeyed her, she thought it best to tell all now. ‘Yes, sir,’ she said.

‘When?’

‘A fortnight ago,’ she replied, though she trembled under the growing severity of his look.

‘Here?’

‘In the grounds, sir.’

‘And you never told me!’ he cried. ‘You never told me!’ he repeated, with a strange glance, a glance which strove with repulsion to discern the mother’s features in the daughter’s face. ‘You, too—you, too, have learnt to deceive me!’ And he threw up his hands.

‘Oh, no, no!’ she cried, infinitely distressed.

‘But you have deceived me!’ he rejoined. ‘You, too! You have kept this from me.’

‘Only, believe me, sir,’ she cried, ‘until I could find a fitting time.’

‘And now you want to go to her!’ he continued, unheeding, and with the same gesture of despair. ‘She has suborned you! She, who has done the greatest wrong to you, has now done the last wrong to me!’ He began again to pace up and down the room.

‘Oh, no, no!’ she sobbed.

‘It is so!’ he answered, darting an angry glance at her. ‘It

is so ! But I shall not let you go ! Do you hear, girl ? I shall not let you go ! I have suffered enough ! No !' he continued with a gesture which called those walls to witness to the humiliations, the sorrows, the loneliness, from which he had sought refuge within them. 'I will not suffer again I will not ! You shall not go !'

She was full of love for him, and of pity. Even that gesture and the past wretchedness to which it bore witness were patent to her, and she yearned to comfort him, and to convince him that nothing that had passed, nothing that could happen, would set her against him. Had he been seated she would have knelt and kissed his hand, or cast herself on his breast and his love, and won him to her. But as he walked she could not approach him, she did not know how to soften him. Her duty was clear. It lay beside her dying mother. Nevertheless, if he forbade her to go, if he withstood her, how was she to perform it ?

At length : 'But if she be dying, sir,' she murmured. 'Will you not then let me see her ?'

He looked at her from under his eyebrows. 'I tell you I will not let you go !' he said. 'She has forfeited her right to you. When she made you die to me, you died to her ! That is my decision. You hear me ? That is my decision. And now—now,' he continued, striving to regain his composure, 'let there be an end ! I say—let there be an end !'

She stood silenced, but not conquered, knowing him more intimately than she had known him before ; loving him not less but more, since pity and sympathy entered into her love ; but assured that he was wrong. It could not be her duty to forsake, it must be his duty to forgive. But for the present she saw that in spite of his efforts and his apparent firmness he was cruelly agitated ; she felt that she had stirred pangs long lulled to rest, that he had borne as much as he could bear. And she would not press him farther for the present.

Meanwhile, he, as he stood fingering his trembling lips, was trying to bring the cunning of age to bear. He was silently forming his plan. She had been too much alone, he reflected ; that was it. He had forgotten that she was young, and that change and movement and life and gaiety were needful for her. This notion about—that woman, was an obsession, an unwholesome fancy, which a few days in a new place and amid lively scenes would weaken, and perhaps remove. And by-and-by, when he thought that he could trust his voice, he spoke.

‘I said, Let there be an end!’ he began with emotion. ‘But—you are all I have, and I will say instead, “Let this be for a time.” I must have space to think. You want—there are many things you want that you ought to have—frocks and laces, and gewgaws,’ he continued, with a sickly smile—‘and I know not what, that you cannot get here, nor I choose for you. Lady Worcester has offered to take you to town—she goes the day after to-morrow. I was uncertain this morning whether to send you or not, whether I could spare you or not. Now, I say, go. Go, and when you return, Mary, we will talk again.’

‘And then,’ she said, pleading softly, ‘you will let me go?’

‘Never!’ he cried, forgetting himself, and lifting his head with a sudden uncontrollable recurrence of rage. ‘Never! But there, there! There! there! I shall have thought it over—more at leisure. Perhaps! I don’t know! I will tell you then. I will think it over. I will tell you then!’

She saw with clear eyes that this was but an evasion; that he was deceiving her. But she felt no resentment, only pity. She had no reason to think that her mother needed her on the instant, and much was gained by the mere discussion of the subject. At least he promised to consider it; and though he meant nothing now, though he meant at best to amuse her, perhaps when he was alone he would think of his wife, and more pitifully. She was sure that he would.

‘I will go if you wish it,’ she said submissively. She would show herself obedient in all things lawful.

‘I do wish it,’ he answered. ‘My daughter must know her way in the world. Go and enjoy yourself, and Lady Worcester will take care of you. And when—when you come back we will talk. We will talk. You will have things to prepare now, my dear,’ he continued, avoiding her eyes, ‘a good deal to prepare, I dare say, since this is sudden. You had better go now. I think that is all.’

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE SCENE IN THE HALL.

ARTHUR VAUGHAN had not been slow to see that he could not step at once into place and fame; that success in political life could not in these days be attained at a bound. But, had he been less

quick, the great debate which preceded the passage of the Bill through the Commons must have availed to persuade him.

That their last words of warning to the country, their solemn remonstrances might have more effect, the managers of the Opposition had permitted the third reading to be carried in the manner which has been described. But, that done, they unmasked all their forces, bent on proving that, if in the time to come the Peers threw out the Bill, they did so with a respectable weight, not only of argument, but of public feeling behind them; and that, not only in the country but in the popular House. All that the bitter invective of Croker, the mingled gibes and predictions of Wetherell, the close and weighty reasoning of Peel, the precedents of Sugden, could do to warn the timid and arouse the prudent, was done. The ancient Chamber which was never again to echo the accents of a debate so great, which stood, indeed, already doomed, as if it could not long survive the order of things of which it had been for generations the centre, had heard, it may be, speeches more lofty, men more eloquent—for whom had it not heard?—but never men more in earnest, or words more keenly barbed by the prejudices of the passing or the aspirations of the coming age. On the one side were those who could see nought but glory in the bygone, nought but peril in change. On the other, those whose strenuous aim it was to make the future redress the wrongs of the past. The former were like children viewing the Armada hangings which tapestried the neighbouring Chamber, and seeing only the fair front: the latter were like the same children picking with soiled fingers at the backing, coarse, dusty, and cobwebbed, which for two hundred years had clung to the roughened masonry.

Vaughan sat through the three nights, brooding darkly on the feats performed before him. If they who fought in the arena were not giants, if the House no longer held a match for Canning and Brougham, the combatants seemed giants to him; for a man's opinion of himself is never far from the opinion which others hold of him. And he soon perceived that a common soldier might as easily step from the ranks and set the battle in order as he, Arthur Vaughan, rise up without farther training, and lead the attack or cover the defence. He sat soured and gloomy, a mere spectator; dwelling, even while he listened to the flowery periods of Macaulay or the trenchant arguments of Peel, on the wrong done to himself by the disposal of his seat.

It was so like the Whigs, he told himself. Here on the floor of

the House, who so loud as they in defence of the purity of elections, of the people's right to be represented, of the unbiassed vote of the electors? But behind the scenes they were as keenly bent as they had ever been on jobbing a seat here, or neutralising a seat there—and as careless of the people's rights! It was atrocious, it was shameful! If this were political life, if this were political honesty, he had had enough of it, and too much!

But alas, though he said it in his anger, there was the rub! He had not had, and now he was not likely to have, enough of it. His unpopularity, which he had come slowly to perceive, as a man grows slowly to perceive a frostiness in the air, had sapped his self-confidence and insensibly lowered his claims. He no longer dreamt of rising and outshining the chiefs of his party. But he still believed that he had it in him to succeed, were time given him. And all through the long hours of the three nights' debate, his thoughts were as often on his wrongs as on the momentous struggle which was passing before his eyes, and for the issue of which the clubs of London were keeping vigil.

But enthusiasm is infectious. And when the tellers for the last time walked up to the table, at five o'clock on the morning of September the 22nd, with the grey light of daybreak stealing in to shame the candles and betray the jaded faces—when he and all men knew that for them the end of the great struggle was come at last—Vaughan waited breathless with the rest and strained his ears to catch the result. And when on the announcement peal upon peal of fierce cheering shook the old panels in their frames, and, being taken up by waiting crowds outside, carried the news through the dawn to the very skirts of London—the news that Reform had passed the People's House, and that only the Peers now stood between the country and its desire—he shared the triumph and shouted with the rest, shook hands with exultant neighbours, and waved his hat, perspiring.

But the feeling of exultation was shortlived in his case; perhaps in the case of many another, who roared himself hoarse and showed a gleeful face to the daylight. Certainly it was something to have taken part in such a scene, the memory of which must survive for generations. He might tell it in days to come to his grandchildren. But for him, personally, it meant that all was over; that here, if the Lords passed the Bill, was the end. A Dissolution must follow, and when the House met again, his place would know him no more. He would be gone, and no man would feel the blank.

Nor were less selfish doubts wanting. As he stood, caught in the press and awaiting his turn to escape from the crowded House, his eyes rested on the pale scowling faces which dotted the opposite benches, the faces of men who, honestly believing that here, and now, the old Constitution of England had got its death-blow, could not hide their bitter chagrin, or their scorn of the foe. He, at any rate, could not view those men without sympathy; without the possibility that they were right weighing on his spirits; without a touch of fear that this might indeed be the beginning of decay, the starting-point of that decadence which every generation since Queen Anne's had foreseen. For if many on that side represented no one but themselves, they still represented vast interests, huge incomes, immense taxation. They were those who, if England sank, had most to lose. He, indeed, had given up almost his all that he might stand aloof from them—because he thought them prejudiced, wrong-headed, unreasonable. But he continued to respect them. And—what if they were right?

Meanwhile the persistent cheering of his friends began to jar on his tired nerves. He seemed to see in this a beginning of disorder, of license, of revolution, of all those evils which the other party foretold. And then he had small liking for the statistics of the bloodless Hume; and Hume, with his arm about his favourite pillar, was high among the triumphant. And hard by him again was the tall thin form of Orator Hunt, for whom the Bill was too moderate; and the taller, thinner form of Burdett. They, crimson with shouting, were his partners in this; the bedfellows among whom his opinions had cast him.

Thinking such thoughts, he was among the last to leave the House, which he did by way of Westminster Hall. The scene as he descended to the Hall was so striking that he stood an instant on the steps to view it. The hither half of the great paved space was comparatively bare, but the farther half was occupied by a dense throng of people, held back by a line of the New Police, who were doing all they could to keep a passage for the departing members. As groups of the latter, after chatting at the upper end, passed, conscious of the greatness of the occasion, down the lane thus formed, bursts of loud cheering greeted the better-known Reformers. Some of the more forward of those who waited shook hands with them, or patted them on the back; while others cried 'God bless you, sir! Long life to you, sir!' At intervals an angry moan or a volley of hisses marked the passage of a known Tory, or a voice

called to these to bid the Lords beware. A few lamps, which had burned through the night, contended pallidly with the growing daylight, and gave to the scene that touch of obscurity, that mingling of light and shadow, under the dusky, far receding roof, which is so necessary to the picturesque.

Vaughan did not suspect that as he paused, looking down upon the Hall, he was himself watched, and by men sore enough at that moment to be glad to wreak their feelings in any direction. As he set his foot on the stone pavement, a group near at hand raised a cry of 'Turncoat! Turncoat!' uplifting their voices so that he could not but hear it. An unrestrained hiss followed; and then, 'Who stole a seat?' cried one of the group.

'And isn't going to keep it?' cried another.

Vaughan turned short at the last words—he had not felt sure that the first were addressed to him. With a hot face, and every fibre in his body tingling with indignation, he stepped up to the group. 'Did you speak to me?' he said.

A man put himself before the others. He was a spendthrift Irish squire, one who had sat for years for a close borough, and for whom the Bill meant duns, bailiffs, a sponging-house, ruin, the loss of all those things which made life tolerable. He was full of spite, and spoiling for a fight with some one, no matter with whom. 'Who are you?' he retorted, confronting our friend with a sneer. 'I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, sir!'

Vaughan was about to answer him in kind, when he espied in the middle of the group the pale wrinkled face and grey whiskers of Serjeant Wathen. 'Perhaps you have not,' he replied, 'but that gentleman has!' He pointed to Wathen. 'And, if what was said a moment ago was meant for me, I have the honour to ask for an explanation.'

'Explanation?' a Member in the background cried in a jeering tone. 'Is there need of one?'

Vaughan was no longer red, he was white with anger. 'Who spoke?' he asked, his voice ringing loud.

The Irishman looked over his shoulder and laughed. 'Right you are, Jerry!' he said 'I'll not give you up!' And then to Vaughan, 'I did not,' he said rudely. 'For the rest, sir, the Hall is large enough for all. And we have no need of heroics here!'

'Your pleasure, however,' Vaughan replied, 'is not my law. Some one of you, I know not which, used words a moment ago which seemed to imply——'



'What, sir?'

'That I obtained my seat by unfair means! And the truth being known to that gentleman'—again he pointed to the Serjeant, in a way which left Wathen anything but comfortable—'I am sure that he will tell you that the statement——'

'Statement?'

'Statement or imputation, or whatever you please to call it,' Vaughan answered, sticking to his point in spite of interruptions, 'is absolutely unfounded—and false! False, sir! And therefore must be retracted.'

'Must, sir?'

'Yes, must,' Vaughan replied—he was no coward. 'Must, if you call yourselves gentlemen. But first, Mr. Serjeant,' he continued haughtily, fixing Wathen with his eye, 'I will ask you to tell these friends of yours that I did not turn my coat at Chippinge, and that there was nothing in my election which in any degree touched my honour.'

The Serjeant looked flurried. In truth, he was of those who love to wound but do not love to fight. And at this moment he wished, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet, that he had held his tongue. But unluckily, whether the cloud upon Vaughan's reputation were his work or not, he had certainly said more than he liked to remember; worse still, he had said some part of it within the last five minutes in the hearing of those about him. To retract, therefore, was to dub himself a liar; and he sought refuge, the perspiration standing on his brow, in that half-truth which is at once worse than a lie, and safer.

'I must say, Mr. Vaughan, he said, 'that the—the circumstances in which you used the vote given to you by your cousin, and—and the way in which you turned against him after attending a dinner of his supporters——'

'Turned, openly, fairly, and after warning,' Vaughan cried, enraged at the show of justice which the accusation wore. 'And that, sir,' he continued vehemently, 'in pursuance of opinions which I had publicly professed. More, I allowed myself to be elected only after I had once refused Lord Lansdowne's offer of the seat! And after, only after Sir Robert Vermuyden had so treated me that all ties between us were broken. Serjeant Wathen, I appeal to you, sir! Was that not so?'

'I know nothing of that!' Wathen answered sullenly.

'Nothing? You know nothing of that?' Vaughan cried.

'No,' the Serjeant answered, still more sullenly. 'I know nothing of what passed between you and your cousin. I know only that you were present, as I have said, at a dinner of his supporters on the eve of the Election, and that on a sudden, at that dinner, you declared yourself against him—with the result that you were elected by the other side!'

For a moment Vaughan stood glowering at him, struck dumb by his denial, and by the unexpected plausibility, nay, the unexpected strength of the case against him. He was sure that Wathen knew more; he was sure that, if he would, he could say more! He was sure that the man was dishonest. But he did not see how he could prove it, and—

The Irish Member laughed. 'Well, sir,' he said derisively, 'is the explanation, now you've got it, to your mind?'

The taunt stung Vaughan; he took a step forward. The next moment would have seen him commit a foolish action, which could only have led him to Wimbledon Common or Primrose Hill. But in the nick of time a voice stayed him.

'What's this, eh?' it asked, its tone more lugubrious than usual. And Sir Charles Wetherell, who had just descended the stairs from the lobby, turned a dull eye from one disputant to the other. 'Can't you do enough damage with your tongues?' he rumbled. 'Brawl upstairs as much as you like! That's the way to the Woolsack! But you mustn't brawl here!' And the heavy-visaged man, whose humour had again and again conciliated a House which his coarse invective had offended, once more turned from one to the other.

'What is it?' he repeated. 'Eh?'

Vaughan hesitated to appeal to him. Then he decided to do so. 'Sir Charles,' he said, 'I will abide by your decision!—though I do not know, indeed, that I ought to take any man's decision on a point which touches my honour!'

'Oh!' Wetherell said, in an inimitable voice. 'Court of Honour, is it?' And he cast a queer look round the circle. 'Court of Honour, eh? Well, I dare say I'm eligible. I dare say I know as much about honour as Brougham about equity! Or the Serjeant there—Wathen reddened angrily—'about law! Or Captain McShane here about his beloved country! Yes,' he continued amid the unconcealed grins of those of the party whose weak points had escaped, 'you may proceed, I think.'

'You are a friend, Sir Charles,' Vaughan said, in a voice which

quivered with anxiety—‘You are a friend of Sir Robert Vermuyden’s?’

‘Well, I won’t deny him until I know more!’ Wetherell answered quaintly. ‘What of it?’

‘You know what occurred at Chippinge before the Election?’

‘None better. I was there.’

‘And what passed between Sir Robert Vermuyden and me?’ Vaughan continued eagerly. ‘Before the election?’

‘I think I do,’ Wetherell answered. ‘In the main, I do.’

‘Then I appeal to you. You are opposed to me in politics, sir, but you will do me justice. These gentlemen have thought fit to brand me here and now as a turncoat; and worse, as one who was—who was elected—he could scarcely speak for passion—in opposition to my relative’s candidates under circumstances dishonourable to me!’

‘Indeed? Indeed? That is serious.’

‘And I ask you, sir, is there a word of truth in that charge?’

Wetherell had lowered his eyes to the pavement. He appeared to consider the matter for a moment or two; then he shook his head. ‘Not a word,’ he said ponderously.

‘You—you bear me out, sir?’ Vaughan exclaimed.

‘Quite,’ the other answered slowly, as he took out his snuff-box. ‘To tell the truth, gentlemen,’ he continued in the same melancholy tone, ‘Mr. Vaughan was fool enough to quarrel with his bread and butter for the sake of the most worthless, damnable, and mistaken convictions any man ever held! That’s the truth. He showed himself, I’ll swear to it, a very perfect fool; but an honourable and an honest fool—and that’s a very rare thing. I see none here.’

No one laughed at the gibe, and he turned to Vaughan, who stood, relieved, indeed, but stiff and uncomfortable, uncertain what to do next. ‘I’ll take your arm,’ he said. ‘I’ve saved you,’ he continued, with cool contempt, ‘from the ragged regiment on my side. Do you take me safe,’ he continued, with a glance towards the lower end of the Hall, ‘through your ragged regiment outside, my lad!’

Vaughan understood the generous motive which underlay the invitation. But for a moment he hung back. ‘I am your debtor, Sir Charles,’ he said, ‘as long as I live. But I would like to know before I go,’ and he raised his head, with a look worthy of Sir Robert, ‘whether these gentlemen are satisfied. If not—’

'Oh, perfectly,' the Serjeant cried hurriedly. 'Perfectly!' And he muttered something about being glad—hear explanation—satisfactory.

But the Irish Member stepped up and held out his hand. 'Faith,' he said, 'there's no man whose word I'd take before Sir Charles's. There's no hiatus in his honour, whatever may be said of his breeches. That's one for you,' he added, addressing Wetherell. 'I owed you one, my boy.' And then he continued, turning to Vaughan, 'There's my hand, sir! I apologise. You're a man of honour, and it's mistaken we were.'

'I am obliged to you for your candour,' Vaughan replied gratefully.

Half-a-dozen others raised their hats to him, or shook hands with him frankly. The Serjeant did so at last, less frankly. But Vaughan saw that he was cowed. Wetherell was Sir Robert Vermuyden's friend, the Serjeant was Sir Robert's nominee. So the young man pushed his triumph no farther. With a feeling of gratitude, too deep for words, he offered his arm to Sir Charles, and went down the Hall in his company.

By this time the crowd at the lower end had carried their joy and their horse-play elsewhere; and no attempt was made—Vaughan only wished an attempt had been made—to molest Wetherell. They walked together across the yard to Parliament Street, as the first sunshine of the day fell on the river. Flocks of gulls were swinging to and fro in the clear air above the water, and dumb barges were floating up with the tide. The hubbub had passed from the neighbourhood of the Hall. Far away a score of coaches were speeding through the suburbs, bearing to market town and busy city—ay, and to village greens, where the news was awaited as eagerly—the tidings that the Bill had passed the Lower House.

Sir Charles walked a short distance in silence. Then, 'I thought some notion of the kind was abroad,' he said. 'It's as well this happened. What are you going to do about your seat if the Bill pass, young man?'

'I am told that it is pre-empted,' Vaughan answered, in a tone between jest and earnest.

'It is. I know it. But——'

'What ought I to do?'

'You should see your own side about it,' Wetherell answered gruffly. 'I can't say more than that. I can't advise you.'

'I am obliged to you for so much.'

'You should be!' Wetherell retorted in a peculiar tone. And with an oath and a strange gesture he disengaged his arm. He halted, he wheeled about, he pointed with a shaking hand to the towers of the Abbey, which, two hundred paces from them, rose against the blue, beatified by the morning sunshine. 'If I said,' he cried, "'Batter down those walls, undig the dead, away with every hoary thing of time, the present and the future are enough, and we, the generation that burns the mummies which three thousand years have spared—we are wiser than all our forbears," what would you say? You would call me mad. Yet what are you doing? Ay, you, you among the rest!' he continued in a voice hoarse with emotion. 'The building that our fathers built, patiently through many hundred years, adding a little here and there—the building that Hampden, and Shrewsbury, and Walpole, Chatham and his son, and Canning, and many another tended reverently, repairing in parts as time required, you, you, who think you know more than all who have gone before you—hurry in ruin to the ground. That you may build your own building, built in a day, to suit the day, and to perish with the day! Oh, mad! Mad! Mad! Mad! Ay.

*'Hostis habet muros; ruit alta a culmine Troja  
Sat patriæ Priamoque datum; si Pergama lingua  
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent!'*

His voice quavered on the last accent, and his chin sank on his breast. He turned wearily and resumed his course. When Vaughan, who did not venture to address him again, parted from him in silence at the door of his house, the fat man's pendulous lip quivered, and a single tear ran down his cheek.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### WICKED SHIFTS.

It was with a lighter heart that Vaughan walked on to Bury Street. There were still, it seemed, faith and honour in the world, and some men who could be trusted. But if he expected much to come of this, if he expected to be received with an ovation on his next appearance at Westminster, he was doomed to disappointment. Wetherell's defence convinced those who heard it; and in time, no

doubt, passing from mouth to mouth, would improve the young Member's relations, not only on the floor of the House, but in the lobbies and at Bellamy's. But the English are not dramatic. They have no love for scenes. And no one of those whose silence or whose cat-calls had wronged him thought fit to take his hand in cold blood, and ask his pardon; nor did any Don Quixote cast down a glove in Westminster Hall, and offer to do battle with his traducers. The manner of one man became a shade more cordial; another spoke where he would have nodded. And if Vaughan had risen at this time to speak on any question which he understood he would have been heard upon his merits.

But the change, slow though genial, like the breaking-up of an English frost, came too late to do him much service. With the transfer of the Bill to the House of Lords, public interest deserted the Commons. They sat, indeed, through the month of September, to the horror of many a country gentleman, who saw in this the herald of evil days; and they debated after a fashion. But the attendance was sparse, and the thoughts and hopes of all men were in another place. Vaughan saw that, for all the reputation he could now make, the Dissolution might be come already. And with this, and the emptiness of his heart, from which he could no more put the craving for his mistress than he could dismiss her image from the retina of his mind, he was very miserable. The void left by love was rendered worse by the void left unsatisfied by ambition. Mary's haunting face was with him at his rising, and went with him to his pillow; her little hand was often on his sleeve, her eyes often pleaded to his. In his lonely rooms he would pace the floor feverishly, savagely, pestering himself with what might have been; kicking the furniture from his path, and—and hating her. For the idea of marriage, once closely presented to man or woman, leaves neither unchanged, leaves neither as it found them, however quickly it be put aside.

Still it was not possible for one who sprang from the governing classes, and was gifted with political instincts, to witness the excitement which moved the whole country during those weeks of September and the early days of October without feeling his own blood stirred; without sharing to some extent the exhilaration with which the adventurous view the approach of adventures. What would the Peers do? All England was asking that question. At Crockford's, in the little supper-room, or at the French hazard table itself, men turned to put it, and to hear the answer. At

White's and Boodle's, in the hall of the Athenæum, as they walked before Apsley House, or under the gas-lamps of Pall Mall, men asked that question again and again. It shared with Pasta and the slow-coming cholera—which none the less was coming—the chit-chat of drawing rooms; and with the next prize-fight or with ridicule of the New Police, the wrangling debates of every tavern and post-house. Would the Peers throw out the Bill? Would they—would those doting old Bishops in particular—dare to thwart the People's Will? Would they dare to withhold the franchise from Birmingham and Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield? On this husbands took one side, wives the other, families quarrelled. What Croker thought, what Lord Grey threatened, what the Duke had let drop, what Brougham had boasted, how Lady Lyndhurst had sneered, or her husband retorted, what the Queen wished—scraps such as these were tossed from mouth to mouth, greedily received, carried far into the country, and, changed beyond recognition, were repeated in awe-struck ears, in county ballrooms and at sessions.

One member of the Privy Council who had left his party on the Bill, and whose vote, it was thought, had turned a division, shot himself. And many another, it was whispered, never recovered wholly from the strain of those days.

For far more hung upon the Lords' decision than the mere fate of the Bill. If they threw it out, what would the Ministry do? And, more momentous still, and looming larger in the minds of men, what would the country do? What would Birmingham and Sheffield, Manchester and Leeds do? What would they do?

Lord Grey, strong in the King's support, would persevere, said some. He would bring in the Bill again, and create peers in number sufficient to carry it. And Macaulay's squib was flung from club to club, and meeting to meeting, until it reached the streets:

What, though now opposed I be,  
Twenty peers shall carry me!  
If twenty won't, thirty will,  
For I am his Majesty's bouncing Bill.

Ay, his Majesty's Bill, God bless him! His Majesty's own Bill! Hurrah for Lord Grey! Hurrah for Brougham! Hurrah for Lord John, and down with the Bishops! So the word flew from mouth to mouth in the streets, so errand-boys yelled it under the



windows of London House in St. James's Square—ay, and wherever aproned legs might be supposed to congregate.

But others maintained that Lord Grey would simply resign, and let the consequences fall on the heads of those who opposed the People's Will. Those consequences, it was whispered, and not by the timid and the rich only, spelled Revolution! Revolution, red and anarchical, was at hand, said many. Was not Scotland ready to rise? Was not the Political Union of Birmingham threatening to pay no taxes? Were not the Political Unions everywhere growing and lashing their sides? The winter was coming, and there would be fires by night and drillings by day, as there had been during the previous autumn. Through the long dark nights, there would be fear and trembling, and barring of doors, and waiting for the judgment to come. And then, some morning, the crackling sound of musketry would awaken Pall Mall and Mayfair, the mob would march upon the Tower and Newgate, the streets would run blood, and the guillotine would rise in Leicester Square or Finsbury Fields.

So widely were these fears spread, fostered as they were by both parties—by the Tories for the purpose of proving whither Reform was leading the country, by the Whigs to show to what the obstinacy of the borough-mongers was driving it—that few were proof against them. So few, that when the Bill was rejected by the Lords in the early morning of Saturday, October the 8th, the Tory peers, from Lord Eldon downwards, though they had not shrunk from doing their duty, could hardly be made to believe that they were at liberty to go to their homes unscathed.

They did so, however. But the first mutterings of the storm soon made themselves heard. Within twenty-four hours the hearts of many failed them for fear. The Funds fell at once. The journals appeared in mourning borders. In many towns the bells were tolled and the shops were shut. The mob of Nottingham rose and burned the Castle, and fired the house of an unpopular squire. The mob of Derby besieged the gaol and released the prisoners. At Darlington, Lord Tankerville narrowly escaped with his life; Lord Londonderry was attacked and left for dead; no bishop dared to wear his apron in public. Everywhere rose the cry of 'No Taxes!' Finally the rabble rose in immense numbers, paraded the West End of London, broke the windows of many peers, assaulted others, and were only driven from Apsley House by the timely arrival of the Life Guards. The country, amazed and shaken from end to end, seemed to be already in the grip of rebellion; with the result

that within the week the very Tories hastened to beg Lord Grey to retain office. Even the King, it was supposed, was shaken, and his famous distich, his one contribution to the poetry of his country,

I consider Dissolution  
Tantamount to Revolution,

found admirers for its truth, if not for its beauty.

Such a ferment could not but occupy Vaughan's mind and divert his thoughts from his own troubles, even from thoughts of Mary. Every day there was news; every day, in the opinion of many, the sky grew darker. But though the rejection of the Bill promised him a second short session in the House, and many who sat for close boroughs chuckled over the respite, he was ill-content with a hand-to-mouth life. He saw that the Bill must pass eventually. He did not believe that there would be a revolution. It was clear that his only chance lay in following Wetherell's advice, and laying his case before one of his chiefs.

Some days after the division he happened on an opportunity. He was walking down Parliament Street when he came on a scene much of a piece with the unrest of the time. A crowd was pouring out of Downing Street, and in the van of the rabble he espied the tall ungainly figure of no less a man than Lord Brougham. Abreast of the Chancellor, but keeping himself to the wall as if he desired to dissociate himself from the demonstration, walked another tall figure, also in black, with shepherd's plaid trousers. A second glance informed Vaughan that this was no other than the Mr. Cornelius who had been present at his interview with Brougham; and, accepting the omen, he made up to the Chancellor just as the latter halted to rid himself of the ragged tail, which had perhaps been more pleasing to his vanity in the smaller streets.

'My friends,' Brougham cried, checking with his hand the ragamuffins' shrill attempt at a cheer, 'I am obliged to you for your approval, but I beg leave to bid you good-day. Assemblages such as these are in these times of doubt——'

'Disgusting!' Cornelius muttered audibly, wrinkling his nose as he eyed them over his high cravat.

'Are apt to cause disorder,' the Chancellor continued, smiling. 'Rest assured that your friends, of whom, if I am the highest in office, I am not the least in goodwill, will not desert you.'

'Hurrah! God bless you, my lord! Hurrah!' cried the tatterdemalions in various tones more or less drunken. And some

held out their caps. 'Hurrah! If your lordship would have the kindness to——'

'Disgusting!' repeated Cornelius, wheeling about.

Vaughan seized the opportunity to intervene. 'May I,' he said, raising his hat and addressing the Chancellor as he turned, 'consult you, my lord, for two minutes as you walk?'

Brougham started on finding a gentleman of his appearance at his elbow, and looked as if he were somewhat ashamed of the guise in which he had been detected. 'Ah!' he said. 'Mr.—Mr. Vaughan? To be sure! Oh, yes—yes, you can speak to me. Certainly. What can I do for you? It is,' he added, with affected humility, 'my business to serve.'

Vaughan looked doubtfully at Mr. Cornelius, who raised his hat. 'I have no secrets from Mr. Cornelius,' said the Chancellor pleasantly. And then, with a backward nod and a tinge of colour in his cheek, 'Gratifying, but troublesome,' he continued. 'Eh? Very troublesome these demonstrations! Ah, I often long for the old days when I could walk out of Westminster Hall, with my bag and my umbrella, and no one the wiser.'

'Those days are far back, my lord,' Vaughan said politely.

'Ah, well! Ah, well! Perhaps so.' They were walking on by this time. 'I can't say that since the Queen's trial I've known much privacy. However, it is something that those whom one serves are grateful. They——'

'Cry "Hosanna" to-day,' Cornelius muttered gruffly, with his eyes fixed steadily before him, 'and "Crucify him" to-morrow.'

'Cynic!' said the Chancellor, with unabated good-humour. 'But even you cannot deny that they are better employed in cheering their friends than in breaches of the peace? Not that,' cocking his eye at Vaughan, with a whimsical expression of confidence, 'a little disorder here and there?—eh, Mr. Vaughan, though to be deplored, and by no one more than by one in my position, has not its uses. Were there no apprehension of mob-rule, how many borough-mongers, think you, would vote with us? How many waverers, like my lords Harrowby and Wharnccliffe, would waver? And how, if we have no little ebullitions here and there, are we to know that the people are in earnest? That they are not grown lukewarm? That Wetherell is not right in his statement—of which he'll hear more than he will like at Bristol, or I am mistaken—that there is a Tory reaction, an ebb in the tide

that so far has carried us bravely? But, of course,' he added, with a faint smile, 'God forbid that we should encourage violence.'

'Amen!' said Mr. Cornelius; and sniffed in a very peculiar manner.

'But to discern that camomile,' the Chancellor continued gaily, 'though bitter to-day, makes us better to-morrow, is a different thing from——'

'Administering a dose,' Vaughan laughed, falling into the great man's humour.

'To be sure. But enough of that. Now I think of it, Mr. Vaughan,' he continued, looking at his companion, 'I have not had the pleasure of seeing you since—but I need not remind you of the occasion. You've had good cause to remember it. Yes, yes,' he went on, with voluble complacency—he was walking as well as talking very fast—'I seldom speak without meaning, or interfere without result. I knew well what would come of it. It was not for nothing, Mr. Vaughan, that I got down our Borough List and asked you if you had not thought of entering the House. The spark—and tinder! For there you are, in the House!'

'Yes,' Vaughan replied, astonished at the coolness with which the other unveiled, and even took credit for, the petty intrigue of six months back. 'But——'

'But,' Brougham said, taking him up with a laughing glance, 'you are not yet on the Treasury Bench, eh?'

'No, not yet,' Vaughan answered good-humouredly.

'Ah, well, time and patience and Bellamy's chops, Mr. Vaughan, will carry you far, I am sure.'

'It is on that subject—the subject of time—I venture to trouble your lordship.'

The Chancellor's lumpish but remarkably mobile features underwent a change. Caught in a complacent, vain humour, he had forgotten a thing which, with Vaughan's last words, recurred to him. 'Yes,' he said slowly, 'yes, Mr. Vaughan.' But the *timbre* of that marvellously flexible voice, with which he boasted that he could whisper so as to be heard to the very door of the House of Commons, was altered. 'Yes, what is it, pray?'

'It is time I require,' Vaughan answered. 'In a word, I have done some service, yeoman service, my lord. And I think that I ought not to be cast aside by the party in whose interests I was returned, and with whose objects I am in sympathy.'

'Cast aside? Tut, tut! What do you mean?'

'I am told that, though the borough for which I sit will continue to return one member, I shall not have the support of the party in retaining my seat.'

'Indeed! Indeed!' Brougham answered in a serious tone. 'Is it so? I am sorry to hear that.'

'But——'

'Very sorry, Mr. Vaughan.'

'But, with submission, my lord, it is something more than sorrow I seek,' Vaughan answered, too sore to hide his feelings. 'You have owned very candidly that I derived from you the impulse which has carried me so far. Is it unreasonable if I venture to turn to you, when advised to see one of the chiefs of my party?'

'Who,' Brougham asked, with a quick look, 'gave you that advice, Mr. Vaughan?'

'Sir Charles Wetherell.'

'Um!' the other replied through pinched lips; and he stood. They had crossed Piccadilly and Berkeley Square, and had reached the corner of Hill Street, where, at No. 5, Brougham lived.

'I repeat, my lord,' Vaughan continued, 'is it unreasonable if I apply to you in these circumstances, rather——'

'Rather than to one of the whips?' Brougham said dryly.

'Yes.'

'But I know nothing of the matter, Mr. Vaughan.'

But Vaughan was in no mood to put up with subterfuges. If the other did not know, he should know. The Chancellor had been all-powerful, it seemed, to bring him in. Was he powerless to keep him in? 'There is a compact, I am told,' he said, 'under which the seat is to be surrendered—for this turn, at any rate—to my cousin's nominee. To a Tory.'

Brougham shrugged his shoulders, and looked at Mr. Cornelius. 'Dear me, dear me!' he said. 'That's not a thing of which I can approve. Far from it, far from it. But you must see, Mr. Vaughan, that I cannot meddle, in my position, with arrangements of that kind. Impossible, my dear sir, clearly impossible!'

Vaughan stared; and with some spirit and more temper found his retort. 'But the spark, my lord? I'm sure you won't forget the spark,' he said.

For an instant a gleam of fun shone in the Chancellor's eyes; then he was funereal again. 'Before the Bill, and after the Bill, are two things,' he said dryly. 'Before the Bill all is, all was, impure; and in an impure medium—you understand me, I am sure? You

are scientific. But after the Bill—to ask me, who, in my humble measure, Mr. Vaughan, may call myself its prime cause—to ask me to infringe its first principles by interposing between the electors and their rights, to ask me to use an influence which cannot be held legitimate—no, Mr. Vaughan, no!’ He shook his head solemnly and finally. And then to Mr. Cornelius: ‘Yes, I am coming, Mr. Cornelius,’ he said. ‘I know I am late.’

‘I can wait,’ said Mr. Cornelius.

‘But I cannot. Good-day, Mr. Vaughan, good-day,’ Brougham repeated, refusing to see the young man’s ill-humour. ‘I am sorry that I cannot help you. Or, stay,’ he continued, halting in the act of turning away, ‘one minute! I gather that you are a friend of Sir Charles Wetherell’s?’

‘He has been a friend to me,’ Vaughan replied sullenly.

‘Ah, well, he is going to Bristol to hold his sessions on the 29th, I think. Go with him. He hates me like poison, but I would not have a hair of his head injured. We have been warned that there will be trouble, and we are taking steps; but an able-bodied young man by his side will be no bad thing. And, upon my honour,’ he continued, eyeing Vaughan with impudent frankness, impudent in view of all that had gone before, ‘upon my honour, I am beginning to think that we spoiled a good soldier when we—eh!’

‘The spark,’ Mr. Cornelius muttered grimly.

‘Good-day, my lord,’ Vaughan cried, with scant ceremony, for his blood was boiling; and he turned and strode away, scarcely smothering an execration. The two, who did not appear to be in a hurry after all, remained looking after him; and presently Mr. Cornelius smiled.

‘What amuses you?’ Brougham asked, with a certain petulance; for at bottom, and in cases where no rivalry existed, he was good-natured, and in his heart he was sorry for the young man. But then, if one began to think of the pawn’s feelings, the game he was playing would be spoiled! ‘What is it?’

‘I was thinking,’ Mr. Cornelius answered slowly, ‘of purity.’ He sniffed. ‘And the Whigs!’

Meanwhile Arthur Vaughan was striding down Bruton Street with every angry passion up in arms. He was too clever to be tricked twice, and he saw precisely what had happened. Brougham—well, well was he called Wicked Shifts!—reviewing the borough list before the General Election, had let his eyes fall on Sir Robert’s

seats at Chippinge, and, looking about with his customary audacity for a means of snatching them, had alighted on him, and used him for a tool. Now he was of no farther use; and, as the loss of his expectations rendered it needless to temporise with him, he was tossed aside.

And this was the game of politics which he had yearned to play! This was the party whose zeal for the purity of elections and the improvement of all classes he had shared, and out of loyalty to which he had sacrificed a fortune! He strode along the crowded pavement of Bond Street—it was the fashionable hour of the afternoon, and the political excitement kept London full—his head high, his face flushed; and unconsciously, as he shouldered the people to right and left, he swore aloud.

As he uttered the word, regardless in his anger of the scene about him, his gaze pierced for an instant the medley of gay bonnets and smiling faces, moving chariots, and waiting footmen, which even in those days filled Bond Street—and met another pair of eyes.

The encounter lasted for a second only. Then half-a-dozen heads and a parasol intervened; and then—in another second—he was abreast of the carriage in which Mary Vermuyden sat, her face the prettiest and her bonnet the daintiest—Lady Worcester had seen to that—of all the faces and all the bonnets in Bond Street that day. The landau in which she sat was stationary at the edge of the pavement; and on the farther side of her reposed a lady of kind face and ample figure.

For an instant their eyes met again; and Mary's colour, which had fled, returned in a flood of crimson, covering brow and cheeks. She leaned from the carriage and held out her white-gloved hand. 'Mr. Vaughan!' she said; and he might have read in her face, had he chosen, the sweetest and tenderest appeal. 'Mr. Vaughan!'

But the moment was unlucky; the devil had possession of him. He raised his hat and passed on—passed on wilfully. He fancied—afterwards, that is, he fancied—that she had risen, after he had passed, to her feet, and called him a third time in a voice at which the *convenances* of Bond Street could only wink. But he went on; he heard, but he still went on. He told himself that all was of a piece. Men and women were all alike. He was a fool who trusted any, believed in any, loved any.

(To be continued.)



## *A SCOTCHMAN AT MARS-LA-TOUR.*

BY BARON CAMPBELL VON LAURENTZ.

My entrance into the German army dates from 1866.

The news of the approaching struggle with the combined forces of Austria, Saxony and Bavaria roused within me that martial spirit which is the natural inheritance of one who comes, as I do, of a military stock. Scotchman as I was by birth, my youthful interests had centred round the country of my mother's adoption; and amid the excitement of an approaching crisis, the prospect of a comparatively tame life in the profession chosen for me became rapidly distasteful, and I offered myself for military service.

Even then, however, my eagerness was all but checked by the difficulties in the way. I was a foreigner by birth, and such are not allowed as a rule to serve in the German army. I hurried back from Italy, where I was at that time staying, and managed to get an interview with Frederick Charles, known in England as the 'Red Prince.'

That interview was a memorable one for me.

I told him about my two cousins, the Eddingtons, who fought in the Crimea. One was missing, and the Colonel sent the other out to try to find him. As he was searching amongst the killed a wounded Russian soldier asked for water, and while giving him some the man drew out his pistol and shot him dead.

'Do you want to be shot also?' asked the Prince.

'No,' I replied, 'but my people have all been soldiers and I want to be one too.'

'But what regiment do you wish to join?'

I said I should like to join a Hussar regiment. The drawback was the regulation six months' training. As a special favour I was to be allowed to qualify with only six *weeks'* preparation. Six weeks in a dépôt, with the war just beginning! I was too impatient for that.

'Can't I go at once?' I asked.

But it was quite impossible. Training in horsemanship was essential.

'But if you are so eager to go to the war,' said the Prince, 'I

will write a letter to the Colonel of the 24th Infantry.' Armed with this precious document, I lost not an hour in presenting myself at Neu Ruppin. I was but seventeen years old, and my uniform had to be specially made for me. This would have meant several days' delay, and every hour was of value. Accordingly I was drilled in mufti with a rifle in my hand. I was thus a conspicuous object in the ranks. The story got wind, and I was pointed out as 'the mad Englishman who was determined to go to the war.' Old soldiers shook their heads and said I should regret it.

I may here explain that the German military system requires everybody, officers and men alike, to begin their service in the ranks. He who is working for his commission must first of all pass an examination, his status being then technically known as *avantageur*. Six months later he is qualified for N.C.O., after which he is sent to the *Kriegschule* for his professional training, which lasts some ten months. Returning to the regiment he attains, after a second examination, the rank of ensign with officer's sword, but not rank as in England.

The service which I saw in the Austrian war, valuable experience as it was, did not excuse me the regulation ten months in the *Kriegschule*. In 1867 I became an *avantageur* in the 7th Cuirassier Regiment now called v. Seydlitz. The next three years were spent in sheer hard work; for it was generally believed that sooner or later we should have to take our places in another great international struggle.

On July 16, 1870, the order came and the troops were mobilised. Each cavalry regiment was 602 strong, and was divided into five squadrons, one of which remained in *depôt*. During the war we formed part of the 5th cavalry division of Prince Frederick Charles's army. In this brigade were three cavalry regiments—the 7th Cuirassiers, to which I belonged, the 16th Lancers, and the 13th Dragoons.

Patrols were sent from different places over the whole frontier to find out the positions of the French. One of the first of these was commanded by Count Zeppelin,<sup>1</sup> with two or three officers, one of whom was an Englishman named Winslow.

Taken off their guard, they were surrounded by the enemy. Lieutenant Winslow was killed—being the first officer who fell in this war—Lieutenant Villiers and another were taken prisoners. They were received by Marshal Bazaine with great politeness and

<sup>1</sup> Now of air-ship fame.

were at first very well treated—dining at the French officers' mess and so forth. This courtesy, however, was rudely broken off as the French began to meet with reverses. The condition of the prisoners became worse and worse, and they had to put up with the greatest indignities when they reached Paris.

On the 29th our divisional commander, General von Rheinbadern, received orders from Prince Frederick Charles to march forward from Mannheim to the frontier in the direction of Pirmasens, and beyond the frontier as far as Saarunion. The object was to find out where the enemy were, and at the same time to cover the march of our own troops towards the frontier. On August 4 we crossed the frontier at Hornbach, and next day we had our first patrol in the enemy's country.

At this stage I was entrusted with a special commission by my Brigade-General (von Bredow). I was to start on a night expedition with six men for the purpose of finding out the enemy's whereabouts. The uncertainty was regarding the movements of Marshal Macmahon's army after their repulse by the Crown Prince Frederick at Wörth. Until we knew whether Macmahon had fallen back on Paris, or had continued northwards in completion of the original design of the enemy, to join Marshal Bazaine, our future movements could not be determined.

Unfortunately I had no map of the country, but my General had written out the names of the villages for me. I adopted a very simple method of locating my position. Knocking at the door of the first house I came to, I asked the name of the village, which was always forthcoming. Then, covering my man with my revolver, I did not find it difficult to extract the truth as to whether he had seen anything of the enemy. The same obliging individual was compelled to show the way to the next village. Our plan was nearly spoiled by some of the inhabitants of the villages which we had passed. They took to ringing the church bells, when they found out who we were, in order to warn those villages in front of us. I promptly sent back two of my men to cut the bell-ropes.

In a state of extreme nervous tension we rode on through the darkness. I had now but four companions, two of whom rode in front and two behind me. On a sudden the front men drew up. Riding cautiously out of a wood we made out a solitary figure standing motionless in our way. Just as I was about to shoot we discovered that the figure was nothing more dangerous than a wayside crucifix!

Three or four more villages were passed. At last as dawn was breaking we halted at a small town. In the dim morning light we could read the famous proclamation of the Emperor Napoleon III. to the French people, which was posted on the walls.

So far, our night journey was without result. Strong measures were demanded. The Mayor of the town was immediately brought under armed persuasion :

‘Have any French troops passed through the town?’

After some hesitation he admitted that they *had* done so. This, however, did not advance matters much.

Suddenly a brilliant idea struck one of my men.

‘See, Herr Lieutenant, the letter-box there.’

‘Well?’

‘If they *have* passed through, there will be letters to their friends in it.’

‘Good! let us open it.’

The strong iron box, however, resisted our swords. Time was precious now, so we tore the box from the wall to which it was fixed and carried it away bodily.

If we were careful before, we were doubly careful now. Small band as we were, the noise of our horses’ hoofs was too much for safety. So we dismounted and led the animals forward, keeping to the ditches by the side of the road. At length a dim glare on the top of a wooded hill arrested our attention. It was the enemy’s camp fires. From our concealed position we made out the figures of the men as they moved about. Luckily for us they had thrown out no outposts. We approached as near as we dared, and tried to estimate their numbers.

Our mission was now accomplished; but there was still the dangerous return before us. We had to retrace our steps past a number of the enemy’s villages, now thoroughly alarmed and awake. This involved a good deal of cross-country riding, and we consequently arrived at the headquarters in Saargemünd three hours after the time appointed for my report to Prince Frederick Charles.

A friend of mine, Count Siersdorf of the 10th Hussars, had a somewhat unique experience. In the course of a patrol he rode boldly up to a railway station at Pont-à-Mousson, entered the telegraph office, and compelled the inspector, under pain of instant death, to telegraph to Paris forthwith that a force of 40,000 Germans was in the neighbourhood, which was simply untrue. As Siersdorf

knew nothing of telegraphy, it would have been quite possible for the operator to make a feint of transmitting the message ; but so terrified was the latter that he actually obeyed the order, after which Siersdorf severed the wires by a single blow of his sword. The news was duly published in Paris that evening, and created a great sensation. Count Siersdorf had a narrow escape. The alarm was given and the place was soon swarming with the enemy. Escape on horseback was impossible, but he managed to cross the line and elude his pursuers by swimming in uniform over the Moselle, returning on foot to the camp.

About this time I made the acquaintance of a fellow-countryman who was destined to play a great part in shaping my fate. A non-commissioned officer had announced to me that an English gentleman wished to see me. He introduced himself as Colonel Pemberton of the Scots Guards, special correspondent to the 'Times.' He was, of course, in mufti ; and carried a couple of cases on each side of his saddle, one containing brandy and the other—cigars ! He wished to know whether he might be permitted to remain with the regiment. That, I said, was for the Colonel to decide. The latter had no objection, and accordingly Pemberton took his place at my side.

The chief object of the patrolling operations at the beginning of the war was what is called 'disturbing the telegraph.' The plan adopted was not simply to *cut* the wires (which is apt to tell its own tale), but to *connect* the different lines by soldering small pieces of wire across. This confuses the whole system. A careful record was kept of the spots where this was done ; so that by simply removing the cross wires the lines were afterwards available for our own use.

We had one or two slight skirmishes near the frontier. A band of Spahis (African troops) fired upon us, but their aim was too high and they did no damage. We had a little more trouble with the officers at the Donane, but none of our side were killed.

On the evening of August 14 we arrived at Pont-à-Mousson, about fifteen miles southwards from Metz. On that day, we afterwards heard, the advance guard of the 7th Army Corps had engaged Bazaine's army near Colombey. On the 15th the enemy had retreated as was believed towards the river Meuse, and the task before us (of the second army) was to overtake them if possible. Patrols had determined the position of Macmahon's army as being well on our right flank. We made no attempt to engage

them; it being of more importance to cut off Bazaine's retreat. According to our calculations we believed that we could occupy the high road leading from Metz to Verdun *before* Bazaine was ready for the march to Verdun.

We were somewhat hindered in our march northwards by the scarcity of provisions. The peasants used all sorts of artifices to conceal their supplies from us, but we succeeded as a rule in finding them. One became quite expert in discovering these supplies. The favourite place for hiding away the peasant's store of bacon was between the mattresses of the beds. Wine of excellent quality was generally to be found in the cellars of the village priests. I remember one cleric who stoutly denied the possession of any. The cellar was searched, but was apparently empty. But the sharp eyes of the N.C.O. noticed that the mortar in the cellar wall was somewhat fresh. It was the work of a few minutes to demolish the masonry, when an ample store of the precious liquid was found. The exigencies of a hostile campaign have a wonderful effect on the consciences of both sides.

Spies there were in abundance, but *they* were not so easy to detect. In one village we found a couple of French uniforms and accoutrements, which had been discarded. Presumably the two spies were among the peasants, dressed like them. But by no artifice could we succeed in picking them out.

There was, moreover, no time to lose. The cavalry had to push forward. On August 15 we were in the saddle from dawn till 11 P.M., when we reached our goal, and bivouacked on the high road near Mars-la-Tour. The infantry were due to arrive next day.

Early next morning I entered Mars-la-Tour with a small patrol. Evidently the enemy had no idea of our whereabouts, for here were a squadron of unarmed French cavalry calmly watering their horses! Unfortunately they got clear away from us. Continuing eastwards (in the direction of Metz) we passed the Tronville Copses on our left. A curious sight met our gaze. The affrighted inhabitants had carried all their movable property into this little wood and deserted their villages. Beds, tables, chairs, etc., lay around in confusion. In their terror the villagers admitted that the French were close at hand, and in fact were occupying the next village (Vionville). This we could hardly conceive to be possible, but towards Vionville we marched. All our doubts were set at rest, however, for as we approached the village about 7 A.M. we

were fired upon. Our horses, unaccustomed as yet to battle, instantly wheeled round with one accord and galloped back some distance.

It may not be amiss to describe here the general appearance of the country in which the two bloody battles of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte were about to be fought.

What most strikes a traveller who pays a visit to the historic fields of Mars-la-Tour and Gravelotte is the contrast between the battle-fields and their immediate environs. The two great struggles took place on a bare undulating upland, traversed in several places by small, steep-sided valleys, which run in a southerly direction towards the river Moselle. Except for these natural declivities, the whole *terrain* somewhat resembles the English downs. The high-road from Metz to Verdun bisects the plain. Along this road at short intervals are stationed the villages whose names are associated with the battles. These in their order (reckoning from Metz) are Gravelotte, Rézonville, Vionville and Mars-la-Tour. All of them stand in the open plain, with no natural defences whatever. On the contrary, the rising ground northwards (which was substantially the French artillery position) rendered them still more difficult of defence. North of the main road, between Vionville and Mars-la-Tour, are the Tronville Copses, already mentioned. Parallel to this road, and also northward, is the old Roman road, which at present forms the frontier between France and Germany. Beyond this the country is wooded, but with this exception the whole field is bare.

For a large army to take up its positions coming from a southerly direction must have taxed the ingenuity of the commanders. For this broad, open plain breaks off suddenly towards the south, and thenceforward, till the river Moselle is reached, the country is broken up into wooded hills through which the passes are few and narrow. Had the French been aware of the near approach of Prince Frederick Charles's army, and had they arrived in time to post their artillery at the upper ends of these valleys, they could easily have kept us at bay long enough for the rest of their army to push on to Verdun. Our strength was in our cavalry—and indeed, as will be seen, we had no aid from infantry till the battle was well begun. Reaching the upper plain unmolested, we were able to fight to the best advantage. It would have been far otherwise had we been caught in the valleys.

Forming up in brigade order with the horse artillery on our



flank, we marched on Vionville. At the first shots from our artillery the French camp was thrown into a state of great confusion. One French squadron tried to advance northwards from the village, and a battery posted in the same quarter attempted to open fire. But this resistance was futile, and the enemy were driven back pell-mell. Major Körber (artillery) led his batteries to the fork of the road leading to Gorse, whence Murat's brigade was also thrown back.

At 9.30 A.M. our twelfth brigade (v. Bredow) received command to cover the left flank of our artillery, and Major Körber went back to cover the arrival of the infantry. About 11 A.M. we left our position south of the high road near Tronville. The 5th Infantry Division had by this time arrived south of Flavigny. Our next movement was determined by some very stirring events which were taking place at the front. To save the retreat of his army corps, General Frossard ordered a cavalry charge, though the odds were terribly against him, as the distance to our infantry lines was 2,500 yards. This attempt also failed. Hitherto the fortune of war had largely favoured our side.

But now General Canrobert conceived the plan of throwing his whole force forward so as to outflank our infantry. To protect himself from our cavalry he first of all occupied a wood north of the high road. The reply of General von Alvensleben was to order Colonel Lehman with three and a half battalions and one battery to take this wood; but as our infantry had not yet arrived in effective numbers, he arranged with our cavalry division general (v. Rheinbadern) that when the infantry gave out he would fall back upon the cavalry. Three and a half battalions and one battery were ineffective against Canrobert's superior forces, and the stipulated requisition of cavalry was accordingly made.

All this time we were halting in a little dell of the Tronville Copses, waiting for our share of the fight. Suddenly an orderly officer rode up.

'Sir, those French batteries are making much havoc in our lines. We have no infantry reserves. Your orders are to charge the artillery and silence the guns.'

But two squadrons were deemed sufficient—one from our cavalry and one from the 16th Lancers.

'Quick!' said our Adjutant; 'we must draw lots. It is a forlorn hope.'

Amid breathless silence he made three knots in the corners

of his pocket handkerchief, which he then gathered up in his hands, showing the tip of each corner.

Major von Wuthenau drew the corner without the knot.

We had lost! The lot had passed over our squadron. We said good-bye to our friends as they started on their Todesritt. But strange is the fortune of war, and surely it has never been stranger than on this occasion. Of the two squadrons only *one* man was killed, and five or six wounded. The enemy had in fact vacated their position in the wood.

Our turn had now come—the great crisis of my life.

Matters were beginning to look very serious for our side. The French artillery (north of Vionville) was doing deadly damage.

‘The whole brigade will charge!’ came the order. The lot had inverted itself. The ‘Death-ride’ was to be ours.

It was useless to regret that our effective force, owing to the departure of the previous squadrons, was reduced to a total of five and a half squadrons, including the Lancers. We had to make the best of what forces we had.

The charge was delivered in a manner which took the enemy by surprise. It was a stiff gallop throughout. Our own infantry lines were passed in a flash. Wounded men there were in abundance, but our carefully trained horses picked their way past them with surprising agility. Right in our path now lay a field of waving corn. Here unfortunately the instinct of the animals somewhat failed. Cavalry exercise in time of peace respects a growing crop. Some sprang at the field as though it were water, tripped up and fell.

Another instant and we were among the enemy’s wounded. Right in front lay the guns of the French battery, which indeed were doing but feeble work.

‘To the right, Lieutenant!’ shouted my *unter-offizier*, seeing that I was leading my troop from the side and not from the centre. But I was shaping my course for the space between two of the guns.

My horse was a magnificent thoroughbred which I had scarcely before ridden except in a steeplechase. The good beast was enjoying the race. Thus it was that I outran my troop for the moment, and, abreast of my Colonel (Count Schmettow), was first at the battery. Let me describe what next occurred in the language of the account given by that officer:

‘As I with Lieutenant Campbell and an *unter-offizier* came up

first to the battery, I made for the French Major who was drawing his revolver. Before he could manage that, I cut him down from his horse. Two paces off another officer aimed at me, but he was cut down by my *unter-offizier* and Lieutenant Campbell.'

The French artillery were completely disorganised and demoralised by our sudden onslaught. One man actually attacked me with his ramrod, but of course the contest was an unequal one for him, and he had to pay the usual penalty.

On our left flank were the massed forces of French infantry, rendered for the moment ineffective from the presence of the artillery with whom we were fighting. To open fire on us at that moment would have been the sacrifice of their own artillerymen. For a brief few moments we were masters of the situation. It was no part of our duty to disable the enemy's horses. They indeed rendered us a signal service. Harnessed to the gun carriages, and driven by men who were armed only with whips, they made off in a body in the direction of Metz, closely pursued by ourselves. I remember that I cut down three of the drivers. The terrified animals, deprived of all guidance, collided and interlocked in hopeless confusion. Meanwhile, the infantry on our left opened a heavy fire which worked havoc in our ranks. In all my experience I have never been in so hot a fire. To say that the bullets came like hail is but a poor description of it. I was shot through the helmet, but not as yet disabled. My horse was wounded.

The one thing that saved our brigade from being completely cut to pieces by the six regiments of French cavalry who were bearing down on us was the *mêlée* caused by the artillery waggons which prevented an effective charge. Words fail to describe the confusion when at last we met.

'Never shall I forget,' wrote Count Schmettow, 'how, about a quarter of a (German) mile from our starting point, I ordered the first bugler I came across to sound the retreat. He tried to do so, but the bugle had been shot through, and the melancholy sound that it gave forth pierced me to the marrow. I shouted, and out of eleven troops, only three were left for the retreat. In the midst of this tumult, Lieutenant Campbell of Craignish, of my regiment, recognised the colours of the French Cuirassiers. Calling the attention of his companions in arms to the standard in question, he rushed with them towards the bearer, with the intention of seizing it. He had already grasped it in one hand,

when it became clear to the French cavalry what his intention was. From all sides they crowded in and fell upon him, and it was almost a miracle that the little band escaped destruction. Lieutenant Campbell's brave arm and hand were severely wounded before he let go his trophy, and he had to spend some months in hospital in consequence.' '*Voyez quelle belle charge,*' was Bazaine's remark to his officers as he watched the attack.

Wounded and weak, I remember but little of the sequel. Beulwitz, my captain, was by my side, Count Schmettow at a little distance. Suddenly the latter shouted 'This way back!' and about forty of us followed him. The infantry had now massed themselves directly in our path. How we ever got through them I do not know. The crush was awful. Not a weapon could be used at such close quarters. Directly we got clear the infantry opened a hot fire in our rear. My senses were failing me. I was covered with blood—not all my own, for my horse had been badly wounded, though I did not know this at the time. The rest is blank.

When I came to, it was to recognise my good friend Pemberton, who was leaning over me binding up my wounds with handkerchiefs. I was lying in a cornfield. My horse was gone—I never saw him again. The good correspondent of 'The Times' had ridden the charge with the rest of us and had fortunately escaped injury.<sup>1</sup> To him I owe my life. I had been reported dead and my baggage had been taken in charge by brother officers. How long I had been unconscious I do not know, but it must have been several hours.

Pemberton succeeded in carrying me back to my regiment, though we were still under fire. I was laid in a ditch beside a number of the enemy's wounded. After about half an hour, carts were brought up covered with straw, in which the wounded were placed. Even at this late stage I had a narrow escape. Two men had been put into a cart and I was just going to take my place with them when a shell whistled through a tree overhead and broke the branches. The horses took fright and ran off. As the roads were blocked the cart upset. What became of the unfortunate men inside I do not know, for at this moment I was given a place in another cart.

At length the shelter of one of the southward valleys was reached

Poor Pemberton was afterwards shot at the battle of Sedan.

and we were beyond the range of battle fire. Twilight had fallen when our rough ambulance arrived at the village of Gorse. An old Saxon doctor was in charge of an improvised hospital to which I was carried.

'Make haste, gentlemen,' said the doctor, 'I am sorry to say that I have only one little bit of candle, and when that is burnt out I shall have no more light to attend to you.'

Only those who have been in a similar position can realise what it means to await the doctor's decision. Hasty amputations on all sides, of course without an anæsthetic, give one dismal forebodings, and one waits anxiously for the verdict.

'I think we need not amputate' was the welcome news; 'your ring has saved the finger.'

The force of the bullet had been somewhat broken by the ring which I wore, and the stone was smashed. My wounds were hurriedly washed, fresh bandages were applied, and I was ready to resume my place in the ambulance. After a rough and weary drive we arrived at the base of operations, Pont-à-Mousson, where the King had his headquarters. Ours was one of the first carriages to bring news of the battle.

I had no sooner arrived than I was recognised by General von Albedyll, who besieged me with questions.

'You must come with me to the King,' he said. To my everlasting regret, I declined the honour, and another officer was chosen. I was so exhausted that I felt I could not face any further effort.

'Then you must have my bed,' said the kind General. But I could not think of troubling him, so he took me to a hospital. It was a nunnery. Here I must record my gratitude to the good sisters who nursed me so carefully through the night. Three times, I am told, I sprang from my bed in wild excitement, thinking that I was still fighting.

Next morning my ring was cut off and my hand well bandaged. Then there came a message that provision had been made to send back to Germany those who were fit to travel. About two hundred of us settled to go on.

Our journey to Remilly in a springless cart over rough and new metalled roads is also to be reckoned among my terrible experiences. The shrieks of the wounded as the cart jolted, and their entreaties to go slow or stop, are still fresh in my memory. Arrived at last at Remilly, I was able to telegraph to my mother,

fortunately in time to anticipate a report of my death. At Remilly we found an ambulance train waiting for us. Hammocks had been fitted up in the carriages—a welcome change from the rough jolting of the roads. Progress was slow, as was natural, and stoppages were frequent.

At length we reached German territory, to encounter the wild and extravagant enthusiasm of the Germans. We did not quite appreciate the attentions of the crowds who flocked to every station, showering flowers, fruit, delicacies, cigars, etc., upon us. We only wanted to be let alone and rest in peace. At last we had to say so plainly.

Arrived at Bingerbrück, we were transferred to a hospital which had been improvised in the waiting-rooms. Our wounds being carefully dressed, we were carried down to the river Rhine and embarked on a steamer fitted up with comfortable beds.

I still remember the satisfaction with which I drank in the fresh breezes on that memorable voyage. After the excitement of the battle, the *peace* of it all was delicious.

Sorry figures we cut when we left the Rhine steamer and were taken on to the military hospital at Ems. In all we numbered about thirty officers and one hundred men, still clad in our blood-stained uniforms, once white and spotless. The voice of the people rang a loud and somewhat troublesome welcome. They mobbed us on our way to hospital. Flowers were showered upon us and even stuck into our boots. Money was freely offered. Had I cared I could easily have replaced with some more fitting headgear the civilian cap which I wore. But one cared little for appearances at such a time. I could not but regret, however, that I had lost my helmet somewhere after the terrible fight at Mars-la-Tour. For it bore the marks of sword cuts besides a bullet hole. My scabbard too had disappeared. As I had been reported dead, all my effects had been divided among my brother officers. Long afterwards I found my scabbard and the spike of my helmet in the hands of my servant who had gone on with the regiment. He had torn it off in order to send it home to my mother. I still keep it as a relic of the war, one side bears a deep indentation of a sabre-cut. While I am on the subject of relics, I may record the fate of the famous bugle, already mentioned, which was pierced by a French bullet and rendered literally *hors de combat*. It was patched up at the time and made fit for use; but after the war the patches were carefully removed and the instrument is thus



preserved to this day in the messroom of the regimental barracks at Halberstadt.

To return to my narrative. My destination was the 'Panorama' building at Ems, and here I remained for about six weeks. My mother had, of course, taken up her quarters in the town and came to see me frequently. In a month's time I was well enough to move about, though the hospital still remained my headquarters.

One day I received a card :

'Come and see Marquis de Gallifet, now prisoner at Coblenz, with whom you dined in Paris with your cousin Laurence Oliphant.'

So my old friend Gallifet, whom I had known in Paris before the war, was a prisoner close at hand ! Naturally I went to see him, and the story of the rencontre will probably interest those of my readers who are familiar with the career of that famous General.

'*Ma foi,*' he exclaimed, as he welcomed me ; ' I might have taken a through ticket from Algiers to Coblenz *via* Paris ! You will stay and dine with me, my friend ? I am on parole as you see.' And I did, though people looked askance when they saw a Cuirassier officer hobnobbing in the friendliest fashion with an officer in the uniform of a *Chasseur d'Afrique*. His allusion to the 'through ticket' is thus explained. He had been summoned from Algiers to Paris and sent on at once towards the frontier, arriving at Sedan on the eve of the battle. Next day he was made prisoner and sent to Coblenz by his captors. But, like nearly all his compatriots, he was characteristically cheerful over his captivity.

Sedan had been fought and won, and the news created a great sensation in our little community at Ems. It was about the same time that I received the honour which all soldiers covet.

One morning I was surprised by a visit from an officer bearing a cushion on which lay the Iron Cross, which, it is needless to say, I prize much more than any other decoration which has fallen to my lot. It was one of the first crosses given during the war.

A story which belongs to a later period of my life may be told here. About the year 1879, when I was aide-de-camp to the late Duke Ernest of Coburg, I accompanied him to Berlin. Prince William (now German Emperor) met us at the station and accompanied us to the Schloss, where we lunched with the old Emperor William I. On the way back to the station, I occupied a carriage along with Prince William. 'Do you remember,' he asked, 'where I first met you ? It was at Homburg, in the autumn of 1870, when I



was there as a boy. Don't you remember my bringing you flowers ? I have always taken an interest in you as an Englishman.'

The fact was that I had gone to Homburg when I was convalescent. My mother accompanied me. I was quartered in the barracks, which had been turned into a hospital. Every day the late Princess Alice used to visit us, and very skilfully did she several times bind up my wounded hand. Her kindness and tenderness as well as her skill made a deep impression on me. Every morning, too, the bright and eager face of the young Prince William presented itself. He was at this time a boy of eleven, very eager to know all about the war and never tired of listening to the story of the famous charge at Mars-la-Tour.

I was gradually growing fit for action again, and eager to face once more the enemy's guns. In course of time I went to the dépôt at Halberstadt and from thence to Berlin. In the hospital at Berlin I came across an officer of artillery, who had commanded one of the batteries against which we charged. I asked him why they did not try to stop us. 'You came too quick,' was the reply, 'I had no time to give orders. The shots which the men fired were on their own account.'

A short stay in Halberstadt and I was off again to the war. Where my regiment was, nobody seemed to know, except that it was somewhere near Paris. Some weeks later, for travelling was slow, hampered by the *francs tireurs*, I reached Versailles, where I was able to report myself to my honorary Colonel, the late Duke of Coburg.

While I was staying with the Duke the Crown Prince Frederick invited us to dinner. I sat next to General von Blumenthal and opposite the Prince. During dinner the Prince sent his aide-de-camp round to me, who, to my astonishment, asked me for my Iron Cross, and I saw him give it to the Crown Prince, who told his servant to fill my glass with champagne from his bottle. He then raised his glass, saying, 'Campbell, I drink your health. I am glad to see you looking so well after your severe wounds. Next time you take the enemy's standard, mind you stick to it.' I went round, and we clinked glasses. 'I have given all the officers who went through the charge their Iron Crosses myself,' he said. He then, with his own hands, pinned it on my breast. A kindly and characteristic action.

While I was waiting to get definite news of my regiment, I was fortunate enough to witness the battle of Bougival. As I was

sitting at luncheon, on one occasion, with the Duke of Coburg, the alarm sounded in the street below.

'A *sortie* from Paris,' was a message calculated to stir one's blood.

'Let us ride over and see what is to be seen,' said the Duke. So we started off in the direction of St. Cloud.

'We need not exactly be killed,' he remarked. 'Let us look for a safe position.' An aqueduct near St. Germain gave us a splendid view of the fight. Count von Moltke was standing near us, watching intently as the *garde-mobile* poured out of Paris. A strange and motley crew they were with their improvised uniforms! And yet surely never did even the regular French army fight more pluckily. Of course the difficulty was to get a sufficiently large formation before being cut to pieces by the German guns which commanded the roads. But the narrow columns did their very best, and it was not their fault that they were ultimately driven back with enormous loss.

News had come of an attempted march towards Paris by the army of Orleans. Orders were at once given to pack up and be ready to move to the south-west. Moltke came in to dinner with a telegram in his hand. One of the officers asked him if the French army had any chances of breaking through our cordon. Moltke took out his watch. 'In two hours, gentlemen, I shall be able to tell you whether you will have to march or not.' Then he sat down to dinner. During the meal and after it, a succession of telegrams arrived and were despatched. Punctually at the time appointed the General looked up and said, 'Gentlemen, you may unpack your baggage.'

THE BALLAD OF THE WIZARD.

SOMEWHERE, nobody knows,  
 Yet I think it must be  
 In the buried country under the sea,  
 The sunken town where nobody goes  
     Save the men who are drowned—  
 Their bones are drifting about the street  
 And knock at the doors with a rustling sound—  
     There must he dwell,  
 The Wizard who grudges men their bliss.  
     His house is Hell,  
 And he sits there staring into the street.  
 Red and white and black and grey  
 Familiars drift like moths his way—  
 Eddying float on filmy wings,  
 Or cling to the walls of the Wizard's cell;  
 They swarm and rise, transparent things,  
     As, whispering one by one, they tell  
 How men above do that and this.

Of earth's good joy when the Wizard hears,  
 The shining towers and fields of corn,  
 He is silent, staring into the street;  
 And when they tell of the children born,  
 The merry souls, and how life is sweet,  
 He would weep for rage, but he has no tears.

*The Wizard speaks :*

'Spirits, black and red and grey'<sup>1</sup>  
     —Under the sea his voice is dim—  
 'Have you seen a traveller bound this way?  
 The bones are tired in the streets of the town.'  
     Whisperingly they answer him :

<sup>1</sup> The enumeration of spirits by their colours was usual among would-be wizards and witches. The charm-song used in *Macbeth* is found also in Middleton, and was very probably a common form.

‘Yea, master, yea;  
A ruddy man, that hath much gold.’  
‘What doth he do?’

‘By the fire he sits,  
Merrily warming his five wits.’  
‘Cold, cold, a-cold  
Shall they be when he cometh down.  
Fa la! la la la!’

*The Wizard speaks again:*

‘White brothers and grey,  
Must the merry man be alone in the town?’  
‘Nay, master, nay;  
Young is the maiden who journeyeth down.’  
‘What now doth she do?’  
‘For her hair she is weaving a bridal crown,  
For her wear she is choosing a bridal gown,  
Counting the hours to her wedding day.’  
‘Let them be few!  
The sea-foam shall wreath her hair,  
Seaweed her body shall wear;  
I will make her wedding-bed,  
Here, with the bones of the long dead.  
Fa la! la la la!’

*The Wizard speaks yet again:*

‘Red Mallikin, say,  
Must I have only two?  
The bones are white in the streets of the town.’  
‘Nay, master, nay;  
Over the sea there sail threescore.’  
‘What now do they do?’  
‘The ship slides on in a dazzle of blue,  
The sailors are yarning the mast before;  
On the white deck the children play,  
And passengers there walk up and down,  
Or singing and dancing pass the day.’  
‘Merry be the company!  
Little know they  
How the mad waves shall their partners be!  
I shall watch them dance to the sunken town.  
Fa la! la la la!’

Somewhere, nobody knows,  
In the sunken town where nobody goes  
Save the men who are drowned,  
The Wizard sits and his sides he shakes,  
Alone to himself good blood he makes :  
And the bones drift by with a rustling sound.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

### THE FACE OF THE LAND.

WE use the expression 'the face of the land,' and do not think of its full meaning. The land has its own face, like the sea and the sky. More abstract and less responsive to our needs, less expressive of our thoughts, the sea and the sky tell their story not in fixed forms, but in expanses of colour, light, and shade. There is form in clouds and waves, but not the form which comes of life and growth, marked by clearness and stability of outline. The clouds and the waves have no personality, for they are made and unmade in a moment. Yet some personal power seems to dwell in the thunderstorm and the gale, and the countless smile of the sun-lighted surface; and we have always lent a personality to motion; so that in virtue of their greater mobility the powers that rule the sky and sea seem more ministerial and potent in action than those of the solid and passive earth. There is a sense of unity, too, in the sky, and in the sea, where there is no locality. The ships pass each other, every one carrying with it its own unchanging horizon; the sun is clock and sign-post, time and space are changeable; or rather we move our circle on and on to another point in the vast circle which would grow vaster and vaster if we could rise into the sky and survey its unity. So it is easier to believe in one immanent Sea-deity than in the crowd of Nereids and Tritons, mermen and mermaids, as shadowy as the Flying Dutchman and born of the same awe and imagination; easier to conceive of one Wind-god letting loose the tempests than of the *quos ego* mob of winds, 'Thrascias and Boreas and Argestes loud,' imprisoned in the cave of sage Hippotades or tied up in the less poetical bag of Teutonic fancy. On the land it is different; the deities there are innumerable. The Erdgeist himself speaks now and then in earthquake or volcano spout; for the most part he is quiet and silent, brooding 'deep in Domdaniel caverns under the roots of the ocean'; whilst every tree has its Hamadryad, every copse its Faun, Will of the Wisp haunts fen and moor, Morgan le Fay sits beneath the lakes and little men under the hills; elves, pixies, and goblins of all kinds are busy in every corner, some to hurt, some to help, some both to hurt and help. If unreal, they reflect our own experience, or our imagination,

from which they are born ; if true, they are sent to vex us or aid us, and mediæval legends brought in armies of saints to thwart their power of evil ; the saints could ride on their cloaks as the witches rode on besoms, and were ready with a counter-spell against cramp or ague, murrain or mildew, sent from below by backward prayer or baneful fascination.

But I am not going to talk about the invisible natures, which we can well believe are more numerous than the visible,<sup>1</sup> for it would be a lonely universe that had nothing with discourse of reason in it but a few biped animals on this 'punctual spot,' the earth ; I wish rather to take this word 'the face of the earth' as my text, and survey, as in an airship of fancy, some of the shires of our small and beloved England and look how the invisible natures have shaped and coloured its visible features for our delight.

It would be a mere platitude to say that counties have their characteristics. Everybody who has lived in a county knows that ; it is only the foreigner landing at Dover or Southampton who sees no more than that England is cut up by hedgerows and is more spotted with cottages and fuller of trees and grass than other countries, and does not observe the change of countenance as the train passes from Hampshire or Kent to Sussex and Surrey.

We will make two air voyages ; the first shall begin at the Border, the land of hag and moss, mountain grass and heather, of birch tree, withy and rowan, whose broad rivers ripple by gravelly fords or rush over swirling weirs or sleep in brown pools where the gold coat of the salmon flashes now and then. The heights are hills, not mountains, they have bulk and spaciousness, but no Alpine terrors, nor lonely grandeurs like Ben Nevis ; the long slope of our southern ranges, but with paler colour and less wood. As you look at them, you think of grouse, not pheasants, shepherds' cottages, not farmsteads. Go to the top of Cheviot and you shall see, behind the triple Eildon, Scotch colour and mountain form. But look southward, and the rolling masses are clad with grass and abound with harebell and saxifrage, there is little heather ; the aspect of the land brings the thought of mountain passes and droves of Highland cattle shifting southwards, of hard winters and bracing summers. The men and women are tall and handsome, their voices and intonation so soft that one thinks they must have inherited the trick of hushing their speech to listen for the Scot. This country, harried by Dane from the east, Norman

<sup>1</sup> See Introduction to *The Ancient Mariner*.



from the south, and the nearer enemy all along the marches, had hard work to live at all. It is an outlook land; the peels, Rothbury, Haughton, Johnny Armstrong's and the rest, seem in tune with the temper of it, and speak of freedom and armed watchfulness; though now there is nothing to watch against except the inroad of the railway and the wealthy settler, who spoils by patching and 'restoring' what his predecessor would have pulled down or burnt. Here still dwells freedom, the right to disobey which gives obedience its merit. The Northumbrians take their own line, as in the old days they rode across the moors with no track to guide them but only the sun for a compass, or some distant landmark in view; as in older days still they rose for the ancient religion and made the Pilgrimage of Grace, or followed Hotspur's blue lion to the field of Shrewsbury.

A little further south we come to a greener tract, with fat pastures and round hills, a feudal county of lords and vassals, as Northumberland was a county of hard-riding farmers and raiders. Lordly Durham frowns over the Wear, guarding its Cathedral towers from the Scot; Lumley, Lowther, and Lambton are its neighbouring potentates; the Bishop has laid aside his palatine dignity, all but the strawberry-leaves on his mitre, and no longer enjoys incalculable revenues; but he still keeps state at Auckland, where the collier and the miner remember the names of Lightfoot and Westcott, if they have forgotten the princely Van Milderts and Barringtons.

The fair face of this county is defiled and its very foundations sapped by mines and foundries which rear their hideous heads, belching foul smoke into the air, and eat into its bowels, endangering the churches which totter overhead. Industrialism does not look lovely as it streams into Durham flaunting smart colours on a holiday. Brutality on its pilgrimage to civilisation must needs pass through the land of vulgarity. There are pitmen who drink and beat their wives, there are pitmen who read Carlyle and the Bible, and the churches as well as anti-Church have many thoughts of heart about them. There is also the industrialism which loves football, racing, and coursing. Gambling, strong drink and the quarrels that attend it, cheap and noisy amusement, the Jackashore extravagance and unthrift which go with hard work and high wages, are the forms of ungodliness which chiefly tempt them. Their virtues and vices are those of a people unused to obey. They are too proud to be dishonest, too self-reliant to be helpful.

'Help thyself' is their motto. You go into a miner's house and find him stripped and blackened to the waist, sitting on his sofa to rest after his night's work. He greets you cheerily with 'Sit ye down,' but does not get up or give place to his visitor. You may find this grimy Cyclops as rough as he looks; but you may also find him a student, a politician, an evangelist, or a pillar of the Church, ready to talk on equal terms and hold his own opinion. Perhaps he is the village bruiser turned serious; perhaps he is only on a steady 'shift' and will go off again when the races come round; for they like liberty so much that they do not always care to be bound even by their own resolutions.

Yorkshire is rather a country than a county; and contains so much variety, from the bleak cliffs of the eastern coast over the broad plain of York to the moors and dales of the west, that what unity or distinguishing physiognomy it has is chiefly that of sky and climate. Over all these counties, as far south as Trent, where our ancestors set the boundary line between the two Secretaries of State, the sky hangs low for most of the year, the east wind nips the trees, the west wind brings up much rain; blackish sycamore and pale ash are the prevailing foliage, the hedgerows have no luxuriance, gloomy plantations of fir protect the pheasants, there is much noble scenery but little pastoral charm. 'Jane Eyre' and 'Wuthering Heights' could have been written nowhere else, and in the noble freedom of 'Shirley' we feel at once the strength and the harshness of the sky and the soil. Kingsley's 'hard north-easter,' if welcome anywhere, is welcome here; and the Yorkshire lads, with their love of sport, cricket and football, their keenness in all that concerns a horse, their love of a bargain, their courage and free speech, nay their love of a fight and a glass, are true sons of the northern sky and land, descendants of hardy Northumbrians and Mercians who fought with and were conquered by hardier Norsemen, and late and unwillingly bowed to Wessex and Normandy.

In Derbyshire there runs a proverb 'Nowt that's owt e'er came o'er Waleybrig.' Whaley Bridge is a frontier landmark between Derbyshire and Cheshire. This exclusiveness of county rivalry is not philosophical, but it is the kernel of patriotism. It is the same sentiment as 'Sparta is thy lot; make Sparta great.' The Derbyshire folk who made this proverb had no cosmopolitan instincts. Derbyshire was good enough for them. They did not wish to have Cheshire cheeses coming in to compete with theirs, Cheshire squires riding over their stone fences, and Cheshire tramps

stealing their horses. *Secretum meum mihi*—their leanness, if lean they were, was their own; they 'could do wi'out strangers,' and a stranger must make his footing good, they will not take him at his own estimation. It is so to this day. Derbyshire people have the reputation of churlishness because they are 'stunt' to new-comers, require to know their credentials, and demand a key to unlock hospitality. They are hard to win because they do not like to risk disappointment, as warm and faithful in heart as stony in face and rough in speech; like their own sour oat-cake, which no alien relishes.

If you like Derbyshire, you must like not only the fair dales, photographs of which you can see in shop windows or railway carriages, but the uplands too, the long stretches of pasture cut up by walls of loosely piled limestone, which the cattle respect only as symbols of restraint, and over which, or rather through them, the horses scramble when the harriers are out; you must like the little squares of hungry oats, the limestone crags among the thin pastures, the lonely ash trees, the grave gray or whitewashed cottages with stone-slate roofs, creeping for shelter to the lee side of the hill, the cloudy sky, full of weather; all this helps the enjoyment of the sunny loveliness of sheltered dales, where Wye receives Lathkill, purest of limestone streams, and hurries down to join brown Derwent, Derwent born of moss and heath, coloured like a Scotch stream. Wye and Lathkill purl and gush, Derwent marches along his rocky path with the air of a grander river. There are no salmon above the Trent weir, but the Derwent has much the look of a salmon river in its rapids and deeps. How different in character are the two parallel valleys; Derwent dividing the millstone grit where the rock is yellow brown and the foliage of oak and fir more abundant, and the moors are topped by dark brown crags; then, over the hill, the cold gray limestone rock and the broader valley in which Wye runs among the willows to meet itself in endless loops. Classic Chatsworth adorns the Derwent valley, Wye is glorified by romantic Haddon; and the two words will serve to characterise the two valleys. Haddon Hall is the very heart of mediæval romance. It brings up pictures, not of war and violence, but of hawking and hunting, ladies' bowers and the terraced gardens sacred to love *par amours*. Here there is no effort in thinking oneself back to the Middle Ages; all the more, perhaps, because the remnants of Georgian and Stuart furniture and pictures and the Elizabethan memories of the long gallery and state bedroom

make a bridge to the earlier times. Never should I care to question the legend of Dorothy Vernon; though for me her shadow inhabits this mansion no more than those of Amy Robsart, Sir Henry Lee, Gurth and Wamba, the vision of the Haunted Chamber, and many other of Scott's creations, localised there indelibly by childish imagination. Haddon Hall took the place of Kenilworth, Ditchley, and Peveril. Here, too, German stories nested, and in our history lessons Haddon was Pontefract and Berkeley and all the other castles known to Mrs. Markham. It is a privilege to be brought up near an ancient house like Haddon, or a cathedral, or a mountain, so as to have ready to hand a worthy frame for the pictures painted by romance. The romantic age was not yet past. We still adored La Motte Fouqué, admired Cattermole, and dreamed about the Eglinton tournament; Lord John Manners was young, and Cobden's cold star, baneful or auspicious, had not risen; Pugin (a great name for all Ruskin's belittling of him) was talking sense and nonsense and directing the Gothic revival, and George Gilbert Scott was beginning his career of destruction. The P.R.B. were moving into sight. We were trying to live in another age, a vain endeavour; the true romantic enters into the spirit of another age, the false romantic tries to imitate it and bring it into our own; and though I used 'romantic' above with special reference to the Middle Ages, any district or place may be called romantic which suggests vividly a vanished form of life. In this sense the Forum is romantic, and the Alhambra and the Bay of Salamis; we need not restrict the word and the sentiment to the age of chivalry; much less try to copy it and make ourselves absurd and uncomfortable by living in sham Gothic castles, or turning good old houses into new.

Let us follow up the Wye through the Ashford flats to Monsal Dale, winding among towers of gray rock and fields full of meadow-sweet and broadleaved burdock; let us forget if possible the railway tunnel, out of which the engine bursts like a dragon and thunders across the tall viaduct, which has itself some grandeur; not so the bare embankment along which the train screams on its way to Buxton. Alas, the upper river is crossed and re-crossed by bridges and cuttings destroying all repose. Cressbrook is spared, and Miller's Dale and Chee Tor, but all one's pleasure is by permission of the railway company, and it is not the same thing. I could tell you of Tideswell church and the ebbing and flowing well whence its name, and Dimmin's Dale where rare ferns grew, till the guide-books got hold of them and made them scarcer by reason

of spinsters with little baskets and trowels ; and of Eyam over the hills and its legend of the Great Plague, and Hathersage with Little John's grave, and all the Robin Hood memories up and down the hill country ; but the airship waits, and I must only speak in passing of the wide stretch of moorland where three Dukes march, mountainous Castleton with its famous but dank and dropping caverns, and Charles Cotton's Dovedale, which is Monsal Dale glorified.

So we travel to the south, floating over St. Alkmund's tower at Derby and the rushing weir at Trent, over the flat pastoral fox-hunting shires, the lands of Quorn and Pytchley, which have character and history too, for every fence and spinney lives in the memory of the hunt ; over rural Northamptonshire, the central county of England, with its parks and woods and wandering Nen, a sluggish stream but sometimes riotous in flood, till we strike the chalk of southern England, and float above the beech woods of Buckinghamshire. Buckinghamshire means deep lanes embowered by beeches, commons studded with birch, gorse and juniper, and carpeted with bracken ; the ash, emblem of patience, prevails in the northern uplands, where the turf is clean and thin, of the light green which goes with chalk down, hungry but cheerful. The heather grows there, but not luxuriantly, only adding colour, not flooding all with its own crimson. Here and there chalkpits and quarries show their milky whiteness : it is a country which calls for sunshine, and the beauty of which is in brilliancy rather than depth, a gay laughing land broken into bits of pretty detail, without far sweeps of blue distance, deepness of forest or expanse of moorland, as in the graver counties of the north and the west, which seem to speak more of 'high action and high passion.' Yet Buckinghamshire has its heroic and poetic memories ; Hampden, Chequers, Penn, Beaconsfield are names dear to liberty ; and from Horton Milton cast his undimmed eyes over the towers and tufted trees of Windsor, and was visited darkling by Urania in his cottage at Chalfont.

But to what corner of England can we repair to be out of sight and hearing of the heroes ? The Thames, which history first discerned when Cæsar crossed it at Sunbury, which parted Wessex from Mercia and Alfred from Guthrum, has borne the vessel of our history from its source in the Seven Springs to Oxford, London, and the Forelands. Here it flows in silver stretches, swan-studded, haunted by kingfishers and reedwarblers, dressed, the summer through, with yellow flag, willow herb, comfrey, and, later, purple

loosestrife. It is never more beautiful than in late August, when the white lilies are still shining in the pools, and the rushes and sedges stand in their yielding strength, when the noisy launches have ceased to trouble and the water is of its deepest and clearest green.

As we pass we notice the sweeping bends, and the white cliffs and hanging woods of Hurley, Bisham, and Cliefden, the Bray poplars, the all too much frequented reaches of the river desecrated by screaming steam-launches and herds of idlers all aiming at doing the same thing; then Windsor's magnificence, and that unparalleled line of building from the Curfew Tower to the East Terrace, which neither Charles II., nor George IV., nor the taste of the Albertine period could spoil; and the Great Park, in which neither elm, nor oak, nor beech has the pre-eminence; Eton, with its ancient buildings of grey and red; and we wonder as we sail over it what genius has inspired the new constructions there, and who will direct the builders in the future, so easy it is to mar, so hard to mend or add; and so on to the heather of Bagshot, where the cultivated land suddenly ends as if a pink and grey carpet had been spread over the wavy landscape, topped here and there with clumps of fir. This bit of country, like the Border, suggests riding. Here were more purses taken than at Gadshill. Gentlemen of the road could canter from Swinley as far as Portsmouth without stepping off the turf—indeed, you may almost do so now—and cross and recross the high road which carried the coaches of the gentry and the public stage between London and the west. There used to be gibbets here; but we don't hang the rogues now, though some of them are still in keeping not a hundred miles from Wellington College.

How beautiful is the borderland, where the district of sand, and heather, and firs, and shallow lakes joins the greenwood and the pastures! Such a borderland is found where Mendip surveys the marshland of the Tone and Parret, where Dartmoor rises out of the flat valleys, or where the New Forest melts into Southampton Water on one side or hardens itself on the other to meet the chalk downs towards Salisbury.

Far off on the left our mounting airship discerns, like a murky cloud, the smoke, and wealth, and noise of London, the heart and pride, the hell and shame of England. Its outward character is entirely human; its contours, once soft and pleasing, as old prints show, are blurred by houses, and Nature only comes in view



on the Thames ; for Westminster Bridge has as fair a sight to show now, though different, as when Wordsworth wrote his sonnet. The white domes and steeples shine against the sky ; and where there is room for an horizon, as on the Embankment, you may still see a sunset sky the richer for vapours ; and when the tide turns it is delightful to see the barges lift and float upwards past Lambeth, as they did five hundred years ago. There is a glory, too, about the masts, and the smoke, and the crowded sea-going traffic in the port of London itself, which is like nothing else in the world. Vicat Cole would not have lived in vain if he had painted only that one picture—'The Pool of London.'

Now we are in Surrey, region of deepest blue distances, and hills adorned with yew and box, or fir, oak, and elm, according to the soil, more characteristic in detail than in general effects. Not that Surrey has not general effects. Leith Hill, Box Hill, Hindhead, have 'prodigious fine wild prospects,' with no lack of form, and always delicious in colour—nothing more satisfying to the eye than the view of Blackdown from Hambledon, for instance ; but it is in foregrounds that Surrey is matchless, whether bits of 'rough' or village green and cottages and farm buildings, or lane and copse, or hedgerow flowering with wild rose, honeysuckle, and traveller's joy, or masses of chestnuts, with their creamy blossom in July. Surrey is only too picturesque, and seems to have set itself to drive landscape painters to despair. But they don't despair, and we see rather too much Surrey in the exhibitions. Alas ! the 'red plague' of building has spread in horrid eruption over much of this fair land, and Hindhead, which thirty years ago was bare heath, now has a street with shops and advertisements, and is become a literary suburb.

Nowhere is county character more marked than in the change from Surrey to Sussex. Surrey rises to points, Sussex lies in ridges ; Surrey has valleys, Sussex ranges of high common ; Surrey is green and blue, Sussex has more grays and browns, a soberer and more serious colouring. This is for the northern part. Interesting and varied are the convolutions of the ridges of Ashdown running in all directions from two centres, Crowborough east, and Prestridge west. Here, too, heather grows freely, and nowhere is the timber finer—the remnant of the ancient Weald, the nursery of navies. The sweeping contours of the South Downs, with their beechwoods and chalky hollows, give a finer outline from the Petworth side than from the south, where the rise is more



gradual ; but in other respects that side of the South Down country does not know its own mind so well as the sunnier slope. Still, no words can overpraise the parks of Petworth and Cowdray, equal to Arundel and Goodwood, though without their deep glades, sea horizon, and noble cedars and ilexes. So long as dukes and earls preserve such spaces for us, who can wish them done away with ? A corporation would spoil the parks by taming and weeding them, destroying undergrowth, planting Edward and Alexandra oaks, putting up enamelled sign-posts, building restaurants, photographic booths, and merry-go-rounds for the use of the barbarians whose desires rise no higher than Margate beach ; a millionaire would shut them up.

South Sussex, between the Downs and the sea, has a different expression. The hills are far enough away to be soft and mellow in colour, and the leanness of chalk is disguised by magnificent woods. Four miles of fat alluvial marsh lie between the sea and the first slopes. You cannot see the sea for the sea-wall, but you feel it in the sky and the air. Creeks run inland where once the Saxon and Danish invaders beached their keels. Here came the Normans early, invited by the hospitable Edward the Confessor ; here stands the very church tower that you may see in the Bayeux tapestry, 'Ecclesia de Bosham,' at the foot of which Earl Harold embarked, sailing down the Chichester creek to catch the wind, which drove him on the French coast, with great results to himself and England. Every village has its little church, with some remnant of building at least as old as the Conquest, and most of them are built in part of Caen stone. The people, I fancy, have some of the Norman refinement both in feature and manner. Their voices are pleasant and their dialect not harsh, and they greet a stranger as a friend. The flats are good pasture and corn-land, peopled with black Sussex and red Devon cattle. I wish the Devons away, much as I love them in their own county ; for every county should have its own cattle ; Herefords, Highland cattle, and hornless Suffolks all have their own local fitness, and the ungeneric picture-book cow of the Midlands has no character. The tide runs up the banked river as far as Arundel ; little rivers join it, and in the marsh the fields are parted by ditches with flags, and docks, and flowering rush, as in Lincolnshire ; otherwise it is not a well-watered county. But the trees make amends, and the spaciousness of a plain bordered by hills is always refreshing, especially at harvest-time, when the waving

sheets of wheat are broken up into light and shadow of red-golden sheaves, when the waggons and teams move about, and all is life and motion ; while the landscape is set in a frame of sober hedge-row elms, and over all the windy sky lighting and shading the Downs. The Sussex flat is a good county to live in, with its ancient churches and houses, its good roads and convenient railways, especially as the residential builder has not yet found it out.

Let us go on to Hampshire, which, again, is as individual as beautiful, whether we look at the warm land of wooded Liss and Liphook, with their rich valleys and slow streams, hursts and hangers, or the chalky downs and ploughs of Winchester, the white cliffs and windswept acres, topped with fir copses, through which the sunlight comes sifted, the water meadows where the Itchen wanders and safely guards its wary trout from all but the most skilled fishermen. The days are gone by when a moderate artist could hope to catch a Hampshire trout. The amateur is pushed aside ; fishing is for the bag. To spend an idle day by the waterside and only bring home a brace or two of trout is 'spoiling the water,' and only a less misdemeanour than poaching. Angling is no longer the contemplative man's recreation. Contemplation is out of place ; and as for recreation, sports and games are now grim business into which no thought of amusement may enter. Who dares to look at the beauties of Dirleton links when he is striding along with a golf club ? You may not lift your eyes to the mountain out shooting for fear of missing something, and even as you walk home somebody wants to make a record of miles covered. With the bicycle, and, worst of all, the motor, it is the same—how many miles, how many minutes—as if it mattered.

So if you ever fish in a chalk stream at all don't imagine you may use it for your pleasure, as Charles Kingsley did, but remember your responsibility. 'No one need try to like oysters,' said the philosopher ; 'there are never too many for those who do.' And so with trout streams. Those fish which you scared just now, and which shot up stream (or, still worse, down stream, scudding to right and left, and ousting others from quiet corners), will sulk for an hour, and your successor, more deserving than yourself, will have no sport.

Rich and bountiful, cool and refreshing, are the Hampshire water-meadows, the runlets of living crystal, the little sluices half-hidden in meadow-sweet and yellow flag, across which you

step to find your zigzag way back to the main stream of the river. You wade in buttercup meads not yet shut up for grass, the aromatic fragrance of the watermint strikes your pleased sense as you crush it underfoot, the air is all a-scent with May blossom, the cuckoos are calling, the wood-pigeons complaining, the nightingale bubbles on 'regardless of the passing hoof,' the waterhen and the brown rat are as happy at their work as the bees and water-beetles. Nowhere else is the brimming water so limpid, nowhere wave more delicately the green tresses of the Naiads. For pure beauty of quiet water and green pasture be my steps led to the watermeads through which Kennet wanders past Ramsbury and Littlecote, or where Itchen glides under the holy shade of Winchester, or those which lie between lordly Wilton, sacred Bemerton, and Salisbury—

*Flumina amem silvasque.*

Wiltshire I admire, but do not love so much as the neighbour counties. The bleak downs are inhospitable to my spirit; the wind seems to live there at all seasons, and the shy farmhouses creep into nooks away from it. The downs are meant for sheep and shepherds and highwaymen, not for quiet converse with Nature. How shall a man meditate when he must walk with bent head and battle with the blasts that rage around the bare top of Martinsell?

Leaving Dorsetshire on the left, with its heathy downs and brown and purple firwoods, and the solemn stretches of inland waters by Poole and Corfe (a county which my humble and respectful pen leaves to its own sacred poets, Barnes and Hardy), we cross to the flowery land of Somerset by way of stately Bath, and so across the broad levels of Tone and Parret, the realm of Ine and Alfred, over melancholy Sedgmoor and the villages that even now scarcely raise their heads above the levels which then were vast morasses haunted by wild swine, white cattle, beaver, and innumerable wildfowl, the impassable border which for centuries kept back the Saxon from the Celtic West. Now it is all smooth meadow land, covered with grazing herds of all colours, though already the chief of them are the red Devons. Here is Taunton, with its two graceful towers, St. Mary Magdalene's the more renowned (though some praise the proportions of St. James's), the queen of all the famous fifteenth-century Somersetshire steeples, Kingston, Wrington, Bishop's Lydeard, St. Cuthbert's at Wells, set there as beacons to tell the 'Early Pointed' school that Gothic

art was alive in the fifteenth century. Does not the face of the land break into smiles, do not the little hills clap their hands as we float over the valley of the Tone, sloping up to Quantock on the right and rising more steeply to Blackdown to the south? ('Blaydon' they used to call it, till orthography came in with the railways, and corrupted language—who would now condescend to call Woolfardisworthy by its true name 'oolsry,' or Cirencester 'Cisseter'?) May is the time for it, when the oaks are in their 'glad young green.' Scotch firs, beeches, and pines, and blushing walnuts make up the gamut of colour; but the elm predominates, and in a few weeks all other tints will melt into the full blue distances, which to some eyes are monotonous, but to others most harmonious and restful. We notice the familiar hilltops of Quantock, lonely Willsneck, Cothelston with its tower, Lydeard, Bagborough shrouded in alien fir for the good of the red deer and the pastime of the four packs that hunt them. No proud memorial records the prowess and virtue of 'the General,' Mordaunt Fenwick Bisset, the king of the West Country, and patron saint of staghunters, whose picture is in every inn from Dunster to Barnstaple; but he will never be forgotten in the West Country, even though he become in the lapse of ages as mythical as Robin Hood and St. Hubert. Somersetshire folk have long memories, and stories of a less worthy hero, Monmouth, are still told after two hundred years. It is not every county that has an historical record. Devonshire has its Armada, Buckinghamshire its legends of Hampden, the northern lands beyond the shires their Jacobite echoes; but no one who goes into the assize court at Taunton Castle can forget how all Somerset rose in defence of their religion, and how a wicked king took vengeance; it is a bit of county history almost unique in its vitality.

Here first we notice the rich red soil, the true original colour of the earth from which Adam was formed and named. Except the warm yellow sand of Dorsetshire and Surrey this is the most beautiful of earth colours, better than the cold mountain limestone or glaring chalk, or the sombre slates and granites of Wales and Cornwall. A kindly soil sets off the colours of grass and flowers, and I know nothing better than a West-country lane thirty feet deep, whether in primroses or when the full richness of hart's-tongue and lady-fern, foxglove, mullen, clematis, and bramble clothes the red scarps with luxuriance unknown elsewhere in England.

The Somersetshire villages are not so picturesque as the timber framing of Worcester and Gloucester, for the old-fashioned architecture of cob and thatch is giving way to a cheaper style, and the pride of living in the house where one's grandfather lived is almost obsolete. Yet there are plenty of fine old cottages and farmhouses up in the hills, bosomed in orchards untouched by modernity. The flail may sometimes be heard on the threshing-floors, the cider press creaks, the 'bartons' or strawyards are as dirty and ill-cared for as in Squire Western's time. The farmers must mend their pace, or the smart chap from the town will come and eat them up. You find here and there a farmer who is content with a grazing farm of a hundred acres, from which he can make, not money, but a living; but the small farmers cannot stand against bad seasons, and sooner or later their holdings come into the melting-pot; then the picturesque homestead is 'improved' by an artist who comes to live there with his Morris furniture; the farmer migrates to the cheap suburbs of Bridgwater or Barnstaple, and his knowledge and skill are lost to the land. Everyone regrets it; no one finds a remedy. The landlords think it pays them better to pull down old cottages than to encourage labourers to stay on the land by giving them a house and garden in which they can feel some pride; they convert the yeoman into a tenant, and so loosen the hold which the land has upon him. The squire who will not live as his father did, and cannot live as his rich neighbours do, lets his place to the city man, and away goes a relation which had the vices of tyranny and servility, but at least was a human relation, and not merely a matter of paying and being paid. Nobody and everybody is to blame; and with the change of conditions an unthinking generation goes by and loses habits and capacities which made for individuality and robustness, and grows up in a machine-made and nerveless monotony and vulgarity. Well, vulgarity is better than savagery, and no one can ignore the decline of drunkenness and violence and the improvement in manners. If only capacity does not decline, too, and the half-educated rustic, whose father could not read or write, but could handle a horse and trim a hedge, escapes the danger of growing up soft-handed and ignorant, fit for no work outdoors or in. The enthusiasts of 1870 were not fanatical in their worship of education; given conditions for education to work in, and it will do all that was promised in its name. But if education does not understand the limiting conditions, its machinery may destroy them without setting up new

conditions instead. If the labourer's boys grow up without a knowledge of country ways they may lose what is essential, and only gain a partial knowledge of letters, which leaves them at twenty unable to read and write effectively, while they are disinclined to hard labour, which makes the hands sore and bows the back. It hurts a man to have no profession, no pride in the work of his hands or his wits ; and anything which tends to make him not a man, but a unit in the sum, is also an evil.

But I am travelling from my theme ; and, indeed, the race of men and women who inhabit Quantock and Exmoor are neither stunted by civilisation nor divorced from the land. These hill folk are nimbler in mind, more varied and plastic in speech, and more distinguished in manner than the Somersetshire people proper, the Wessex men of the Vale of Taunton, though they too do not deserve the Bœotian character which is commonly attributed to them. I have known duller people than Somersetshire clowns, few superior in mind and manners to the swains of Exmoor and its fringes, and all North Devon down to the border of Cornwall, where dwells a nation more individual still. Exmoor Forest is, we know, all included in Somerset : a fine county-pride said 'No,' when it was proposed to round off the corners of the map and make it Devonshire. But for all that, Exmoor partakes more of the character of Devon than Somerset. The dividing line is not the County Wall, but Porlock Hill, where the colour of the earth-map kindles from green to purple and red, where we exchange the level orchards, cornfields, hedgerows and elms of Somersetshire for the long smooth lines and purple rollers of Exmoor, among which creep exquisite feathering combes of tender green, winding up towards Dunkery Beacon, with delicious detail of brown rushing streams, marshy meadows full of withy, rush, and cotton-grass, heath, gorse, wind-twisted thorns, solitary ash-trees, lines of beechen hedge by the roads which lead to white farms sheltered by sycamores ; and for live-stock, horned sheep, ponies, and now and then a company of deer on the skyline. The monotony of Exmoor is like the monotony of the sea or the desert, never the same, though line after line of long hills shows an even outline, and valley after valley dips steeply down to its own streamlet without variety.

My roving eye wanders west and south, and catches new pleasures in the thought of Dartmoor tors and Clovelly and Hartland headlands, and the long rivers which love their county so well

that they must traverse its whole width from near Lynton to Exmouth, or from Crediton to Barnstaple; the softness of Sidmouth and the brilliancy of Torquay: but to praise Devonshire is like beginning an epic; and here Apollo twitched my ear, and reminded me that there are guide-books enough already, and forbade me the company of the pedestrian muse who walks with the traveller, as well as of her who inspired Kingsley. So I turn my airship eastward, surveying the map below, enter the darkness of smokeland, and descend again into the world which man has made for himself.

F. WARRE CORNISH.



*FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE.<sup>1</sup>*

THERE lives in my memory a Sunday morning in spring, when the young beech leaves were poised like pale green moths among the bare branches, and the northerly showers whipped the lambs into shelter. The servants had gone in a body to early Mass, leaving the preparations for breakfast in the hands of Tom Cashen, a trusted friend and counsellor, whose ordinary business it was to attend to the affairs of the yard and its pigs.

There was soda-bread to be watched in the oven, there were saucepans and kettles resolved upon boiling, there was porridge to be stirred, and there was also Tom Cashen's dog, a hungry furtive thing, capable at any moment of clearing the table of all that was upon it. The moment came, and the dog did not let it slip. It was during the retributions of justice that the bread burned in the oven, the coffee boiled over on the range, and the porridge adhered massively to the bottom of the saucepan.

'I'd sooner be digging the clay from morning till night,' said Tom Cashen, after a long and prayerful imprecation, 'than to be at this kind of work. There isn't a man in the world without getting married, but he's sure to die quare, and no wonder, from the work that's within!'

In our inferior English this may be translated thus, that an old bachelor who has to do his own household work is bound to end his days in a lunatic asylum.

This view of matrimony had not before been set forth in my hearing, and it seemed to be wholly reasonable. The Work that was Within, the arduous triflings with saucepans and sweeping-brushes, was certainly contemptible as compared with the realities and the fascinations of the stable and the hay-cart. The point of view of Mrs. Tom Cashen was not touched upon; I think I realised that she was not likely to have one.

She was described at the time of her marriage as 'Fine and fair and freckled, and a great warrant to fatten turkeys'; and she walked two miles every day, with a basket on her back, to carry Tom Cashen's dinner to him—potatoes and boiled eggs, kept hot in

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1906, in the United States of America.

a clean towel. Later on the dinner was carried by two barefooted little boys; from thenceforward, during many years, there was always a barefooted little boy or two to carry it, whereat the heart of Tom Cashen was glad, and so, in a modified degree, was the heart of Mrs. Tom Cashen, combating momentarily, in a swarming cabin, with the Work that was Within.

Some time afterwards, when a spare son or two had betaken themselves, weeping direfully, to America, it fell to my lot to sit by the fire in the Cashen household, and to read aloud a letter from one of them, for the enlightenment of his parents, who were not skilled in the finer arts. It was a most affectionate letter, enquiring in turn for all members of the family, and it enclosed an order for two pounds. It concluded as follows:

'I think, my dear father, I will not see you again, because you are very old and you will soon die, but when I come home I hope to have the pleasure of visiting your grave, and crying my stomachful over it.'

On receiving these cheering assurances the gratification of Tom Cashen was enormous; it was more to him, he said, than the two pounds itself, and, in his own words, he 'had to cry a handful.'

There came a day when the words of the letter recurred in their extremest force. In the last light of an October afternoon I found myself in a graveyard, in a crowd that huddled and swayed round one intense point of interest—a shallow grave, dug with difficulty, where was laid in its deal coffin the quiet body left behind by the spirit of Tom Cashen, at the close of a companionship that had been always interesting and generally happy.

The parish priest was ill, and his substitute was late; the matter was proceeded with, in a simplicity that was quite without self-consciousness or embarrassment. The eldest son of the dead man, grieved, as was well known, to his heart's core, had in a newspaper earth that had been blessed (by whom I know not), and from the newspaper it was shaken by him upon the coffin. Holy water was poured into the grave from a soda-water bottle, and the bottle itself thrown in after it; then followed the shovelling in and stamping down, and the tender twilight falling in compassion on the scene. It was not till all was done that the priest who was to have performed the funeral office 'scorched' up on his bicycle, scarlet-faced, and half an hour late. The widow broke into hoarse wailing, and received strenuous consolations from her friends.

It was a scene from which it was well to turn away; presently

the crowd became thin, and dispersed, and in the gloom and the raw wind the churchyard emptied. Mrs. Tom Cashen was taken away, and her husband was left behind in the solitude, he who never liked to be alone, and was afraid to pass the churchyard at night.

As I passed out a woman who had been kneeling by a grave got heavily on to her feet, and called me by my name. A middle-aged stranger, in a frilled cap and blue cloak, with handsome eyes full of friendliness, that was the first impression; then like a waft from another life came back a sunny Shrove Tuesday in early March, a glare of sunshine upon bare country, brimming with imminent life, roads that were white in the sun and haze of the strong day, and a red-faced girl going giggling up to the chapel, between banks of golden furze, to be married.

'It's no wonder for you not to remember me, and you no more than a child the same day,' said the matron of twenty-five years' standing, with a comfortable laugh; 'sure I'm very old now. I think I must be near forty-five years.'

Had she said sixty it would not have seemed much above the mark, and she would have said it with equal composure; I looked the conventional incredulity, and realised that it was thrown away. 'Himself' was pointed out among the crowd; his nose glowed portentously above a rusty grey beard, and beneath a hat brim of a bibulous tilt; the introduction was not pressed. She looked harassed and tired, and doubtless had a perfect foreknowledge of how he would complete, at the always convenient shebeen, the glorious fabric of intoxication of which the foundation had been well and truly laid at the funeral.

It was a life-history, bleakly summarised in the melancholy October evening, but the possessor of what appeared to be ample materials for discontent was quite unaware of any of them. Her husband was as good as other people's, and seldom got drunk except at funerals, weddings and fairs, or on the Holydays of the Church, and that was no more than was natural. Anything less would be cheerless, even uncanny. She introduced her daughter, 'the second eldest, and she up to twenty years, and she having her passage paid to America with all she earned in the lace school.' The young lady up to twenty years had her hair down her back, and wore a long coat with huge buttons, and a whole Harvest Festival in her hat. To be very young, even childish, is the aim of her generation; the battle has been waged, even to weeping, by the ladies of the Big House, with a 'tweeny' of seventeen, who on

every descent to the populous regions of the yard and kitchen plucked the hairpins from her orange mane, and allowed it to flow forth in assertion of her infant charms. The previous generation, superior in this as in many other ways, grows old as unaffectedly as animals; it is part of its deep and unstudied philosophy.

Having congratulated her on her family, she in return assured me that for my part she had often read of beauty in a book, but had never till now really seen it; that my face was made for the ruin of the world, and that she'd know me out of my father's family by the two eyes and the snout. All was accepted with fitting seriousness, and the piece of news that had been held back with difficulty during these ceremonial observances was at length given the rein. Had I not heard of how her sister's daughter down in Drogheda had that morning brought three children into the world, daughters, unfortunately, but still a matter reflecting much lustre on the parish, and on that Providence that had singled it out from the diocese for the honour. A long threatened and drenching burst of rain here abruptly closed the conversation.

Obvious duty has seldom gone more suavely hand in hand with perfect enjoyment than in the attendance of the parish, practically *en masse*, at the levée held next day and for many succeeding days by the Triplets. A grey road runs north and south past their cabin door, level on the level face of the bog for a shelterless half mile, and neither wake nor 'Stations' could have commanded a more representative gathering than went and came upon it in those moist autumn afternoons. The gander who lorded it over the nibbled strip of grass in front of the cabin yard was worn down to amiability by a hundred assaults on new-comers, and an equal number of glorious returns to the applause of his family; the half-bred collie, coiled under a cart, closed his cunning eyes to aggressions that were beyond all barking; a three-year-old boy with tough tight curls of amber and an appallingly dirty face, regarded me from the door step with brazen sangfroid as I approached, and said in a loud and whining drawl, 'What have ye on yer no-ase?' Praise is seldom perfected in the mouth of the babe and suckling. I removed my pince-nez, and passed with difficulty into a doorway filled with people, the blue smoke from the interior filling up the crevices. The father of the Triplets, a lanky young man, in the Sunday clothes in which he had just returned from making his application for the King's Bounty, was

according an unchanging, helpless grin to the shafts of felicitation that beset him, the most barbed being screamed in Irish by the old women, to the rapture of the audience.

Behind this unequal strife the Triplets held their court, in a cradle by the fire, canopied with coarse flannel, and rocked unceasingly, one would say maddeningly, by a female relative, with an expression of pomp befitting the show-woman. It suggested the bell-ringer who said, 'We preached a very fine sermon to-day.' The wicker walls rolled creakily; the rockers were uneven, so was the earthen floor beneath them, and each oscillation contained three separate jolts. In this bewildering world, composed of fallow blankets and an unceasing earthquake, the three brand new souls reposed as best they might; the show-woman's grimy hand parted their firmament of flannel, and revealed three minute faces, of the pallor of lard, dome-like in forehead, with tiny and precisely similar features, wonderfully absorbed in sleep. The infant of a day old appeals unfailingly to the compassion, but its most impassioned adherent must admit that it is out of drawing. The light from the open door struck suddenly into the cradle, as someone clove a path through the assemblage; one of the absorbed faces worked in vexation, elderly, miserable vexation. Tears, too, angry and pitiful; the long slit of opening eyelid was full of them, the unseeing disc of dull blue within swam in them, the stately bald head turned to terra-cotta.

'She's the liveliest of them, God bless her!' said the show-woman, in high admiration; 'but as for the little one-eeen next the fire, she'll never do a day's good. Twasn't hardly making day this morning when I had a pot of water on the fire for her.'

Being interpreted, this meant that the little one-eeen by the fire had in the cold autumn dawn retraced her way so far into the white trance of the unknown that all was made ready for washing and laying her out. She lay like a doll made of pale puckered wax, her sleeping lids had a lavender tone, and the shadows about her mouth were grey. Next morning the cocks had crowed but once when the pot of water simmered again over the turf fire, and the weak and lonely combat with death ended in defeat.

The life that she was not to share moved on about her in leisurely squalor; the smoke from the turf fire strayed languidly up the sooty wall, and blundered against the broad mouth of the chimney till the rafters were lost in the blue and settled obscurity. The walls were yellow with smoke; it was easy to imagine its flavour in the

bowl of milk that stood on the dresser, ready for the invalid in the inner room. Obscure corners harboured obscure masses that might be family raiment, or beds, or old women; somewhere among them the jubilant cry of a hen proclaimed the feat of laying an egg, in muffled tones that suggested a lurking place under a bed. Between the cradle and the fire sat an old man in a prehistoric tall hat, motionless in the stupor of his great age; at his feet a boy wrangled with a woolly puppy that rolled its eyes till the blue-white showed, in a delicious glance of humour, as it tugged at the red flannel skirt of its playmate.

'God save all here!' said a voice, very dictatorially, at the door; a black-haired old woman shoved her way to the cradle, and parted the blankets with a professional air. She was a Wise Woman from the mountain, and, foreknowing the moment when she would spit, for luck, in the faces of the hapless trio in the cradle, I jostled my way to the bedroom of their mother. It had an almost conventual calm. Moderate as was the light that struggled through an hermetically sealed window of eighteen inches by twelve, it was further baffled by an apron pinned across the panes; the air was heavy, reinforced only by the draughts and the smoke that entered hand-in-hand from the kitchen.

In one of two great beds the invalid lay in the twilight, with her hand pressed to her head; she was collected, well-bred, and concerned for the welfare of the visitor, and of all the visitor's relations, mentioned in due order of seniority. The glory of her position burned in two spots of excitement on her high cheek bones, but it could not eliminate her good manners. Her sister loudly recited the facts that she was using no food, only sups of milk and water; that as for puddings or any little rarities, if you ran down gold in a cup she wouldn't let it to her lips.

'There's nothing in the world wide I could fancy,' said the sick girl feebly, 'unless it'd be the lick of a fish's tail.'

The entry of the Wise Woman, with a stentorian benediction, here drove me forth like a bolted rabbit, and having skirted the evil-smelling morass in front of the house, I breathed the large air of the bogs with enthusiasm. The evening was speechless and oppressive; it held like a headache the question whether it is useful to be sorry for those who are not sorry for themselves, and, unrepining, grope out their lives in the dark house of ignorance; and whether discontent with one's lot is not the mother of good cooking and other excellent things.



A week afterwards an emissary brought to the Big House the intelligence that the mother of the Triplets had, in the interval, been at the point of death, had been anointed, had an impression on her chest, and 'could give no account of the pain she had in her side, only that it was like a person polishing a boot, and there to be lumps in the boot, and he having a brush in his hand.' From out of these symptoms was distilled the fact that she had had pleurisy, acquired while walking barefoot in the yard to feed the calves. She entreated the gift of a pair of boots, and the emissary added, as a rider, the fact that the Colonel's boots would be just her fit. The Colonel was away, but the main body of his boots stood in battalions in his room; a pair of the dustiest was snatched, in a heat of philanthropy, and bestowed, and proved, we were given to understand, an invaluable adjunct to the feeding of the calves. It is worth mentioning that the Colonel, on his return next day, was by no means as gratified as had been hoped; they were, he said, the one and only pair of patent leather boots in which he could walk with comfort and credit in London, and the moving circumstance of triplets had no power to allay his bitter and impotent wrath. His only tall hat had already been sold by his female relatives at a jumble sale, and he did well to be angry. The cook, who had been sceptical throughout as to the necessity for the gift, tactfully reported that the Colonel's boots were too tight for 'That One,' and brought from second Mass the comfortable tidings that they had 'preyed on her feet.'

The cook, always lenient, after the manner of her kind, to the Colonel and all his sex, was at that time much preoccupied with matrimonial affairs. It was soon afterwards that a strange young man in Sunday clothes appeared at intervals in the yard, and melted like a wraith into dark doorways in the kitchen passages; he was found eating trifle in the servants' hall, and in the evening he fished on the lake. He was, we discovered, the cook's brother, arrived from Loughrea to investigate the position of the swain whom the cook wished to marry. On the fourth day he passed imperceptibly out of the establishment, and the cook fought loudly and venomously with all who crossed her path. It transpired that the brother had visited the home of the aspirant, and had found, she said, that it was a backwards place, and a narrow house, and he wouldn't let her go in it. She had twice at Mass seen the candidate for her hand, she informed us, lamentably, and he was a nice young man, foxy in the face, and she got a good account



of him. That it was remarkable, or at all unpleasant, to marry a perfect stranger, was a point quite outside her comprehension. She had never spoken to him, she admitted, but what signified so long as she got a good account of him? It was afterwards discovered that the lover had been rejected because his family had been broom-makers, and that no self-respecting girl would look at him on that account. The point of social etiquette here touched remains still dark, but it was insuperable, and the cook eventually married the gentleman whose lofty calling it was to drive the butcher's cart. The day before the marriage the battle was waged in the usual manner between the Loughrea brother and the bridegroom; greasy pound notes were slapped down on the table, the bride's savings were vaunted above the bridegroom's heifers and position as heir to his mother's bit of land, and with swaggering and bluff and whisky-drinking the bargain was concluded. Nothing could have been more frankly commercial; nothing, apparently, could have given more satisfaction. The cook departed, and lived in a cabin with a variety of her husband's relatives, who were by no means overjoyed at the circumstance. Potatoes for dinner, and stewed tea morning, noon, and night were her diet; the hens roosted above her bed, she weeded turnips and 'spread' turf, she grew thin and pale, but never, so far as is known, did she repine, or regret the print dresses and the flesh-pots. The butcher's driver was 'a quiet boy,' better than most husbands; had it been the broom-maker, foxy in the face, she would have made him an equally good wife. In a community where old maids are almost unknown, the only point worth considering was that she was married and had a 'young son,' and every man and woman in the country would have said that she was right. In traversing the point we should run our heads against a wall of primeval instinct.

Writers of novels, and readers of novels, had better shut their eyes to the fact, the inexorable fact, that such marriages are rushed into every day, loveless, sordid marriages, such as we are taught to hold in abhorrence, and that from them springs, like a flower from a dust heap, the unsullied, uneventful home life of Western Ireland. It is romance that holds the two-edged sword, the sharp ecstasy and the severing scythe stroke, the expectancy and the disillusioning, the trance and the clearer vision.

It is even more than passive domestic toleration that blossoms in the cramped and dirty cabin life; affection grows with years,

and where personal attraction never counted for much, the loss of it hurts nobody.

'Their hearts were within in each other,' was said of an elderly couple who, thirty years before, had been married in the priest's kitchen on the last night of Shrafft; married as a happy thought, and by the merest chance. The lawful bride had taken her place by the bridegroom, but, changing her mind at the last possible moment, sprang from her knees and declined the ceremony. As her betrothal was probably an affair of that afternoon, it was not so dramatic an action as might be assumed, nor did it cause any hitch in the proceedings. The priest looked round the well-filled kitchen. 'Here, Mary Kate!' he said to his servant, 'come on you, and marry the man! Sure you wouldn't let him go away, and he after walking five miles in the rain!'

Mary Kate knelt down by the bridegroom; we do not hear of remonstrance on her part, and thirty years afterwards, when their children were married or gone to America, it was said that this couple's 'hearts were within in each other.' It was said with perfect perception of the ways and the deeps of devotion, but the absence of it at their wedding was not worthy of remark, and in these things is the essence of the Irish nature, that keenly perceives sentiment and contentedly ignores it.

'She isn't much, indeed,' said a farmer of exceeding astuteness, when questioned about his matrimonial intentions, 'but she's a nate little clerk.' By this was delicately conveyed the fact that she could read and write, and that he could not: the marriage was highly successful.

Years afterwards a friend said to him in congratulation:

'Well, James, I hear you married your daughter well.'

'I did, sir, and I got him cheap.' Then, in a whisper, 'He was divilish owld.'

The computation by which the years of the bridegroom were set against the purchase money (in other words, the bride's dowry) must have been an intricate one, involving, one would say, the Tables of Insurance and the best skill of the nate little clerk.

Congratulations, not unmixed with some genial surprise, were proffered to another parent on the marriage of his daughter, a person by no means in her first youth, and possessed of but one eye.

'Sure I had to give him ten pounds agin' the blind eye,' explained the father of the bride with unimpaired cordiality.

There is here no material of the accepted sort for a playwright;

no unsatisfied yearnings and shattered ideals, nothing but remarkable common sense, and a profound awe for the Sacrament of marriage. Marriage, humorous, commercial, and quite unlovely, is the first act; the second is mere preoccupation with an accomplished destiny; the last is usually twilight and much faithfulness. The dialogue is a masterpiece throughout; epigram, heart-piercing pathos, with humour, heavenly and inveterate, lubricating all. Perhaps the clue to success lies here, in the mutual possession of agreeability and the good nature that goes with the best agreeability; certain it is that with a command of repartee that makes fighting an artistic enjoyment, their conjugal battles are insignificant.

The twofold heart of the race beats everywhere in the confusion: gross worldliness, and a matrimonial standard clear and unquestioned as the stars; Love the negligible quantity, and attachment the rule. It is for us, more singly bent on happiness, to aim at rapture and to foreknow disappointment.

MARTIN ROSS.

## RUSKIN IN VENICE.

BY COUNT ALVISE ZORZI.

### II.

I DO not exactly remember when, but I know that one day some passers-by rescued Mr. Ruskin at San Giovanni e Paolo from the 'Canaglia,' whose ire he had excited because he had launched into just invective against the urchins who, with sharp instruments, were amusing themselves by damaging the façade of the Scuola di San Marco as far as it was in their reach.

On the evening of February 15, 1877, after a long conversation about Vitruvius, of which I had given him a copy of a rare edition published by the Patriarch Barbaro, he handed me, with a heavy sigh, his letter, written on a number of small sheets, to take to the 'traduttrice,' and he repeated over and over again: 'Be sure you do not forget to thank Miss Eugenia for me, and beg her to have patience with my obscure, convulsed, hasty style.'

After I had shown him some flowers she had painted, he said to me:

'I want to have her as my pupil, and the more so that the Countess Bermani tells me she has a great deal of talent for figure painting as well. Your colour is good, but you have no patience, and you are too great a lover of impressionism. *State buono*. I will be her master.'

On February 19 I accompanied my future mother-in-law, Eugenia and her sister to visit Mr. Ruskin, and we spent an hour in the pleasantest conversation. We talked, among other things, of the martyr Poland. Our host, like a true knight, had introduced the subject on purpose to give pleasure to his guests. When he heard that the translation was making good progress he thanked Eugenia warmly, and as a great favour asked her mother's permission to give her lessons in painting. Then and there he took several sheets of drawing-paper, and, as he often did afterwards, sketched in water-colours various objects scattered about his

studio—a closed codex, an apple, a shell, and a piece of lighted candle. Under the latter he wrote in French :

‘Ce n’est rien encore, pas plus que la pomme. Reportez-les toutes les deux demain, nous en ferons quelque chose de meilleur.’

Later on he asked to be allowed to keep many of his pupil’s sketches, and when he saw how she succeeded with some very complicated studies of friezes and flowers, he told her she would be able to overcome any difficulty.

That evening we talked much about ancient Venice, as preserved in the pictures of Carpaccio and Gentile Bellini, and of St. Ursula’s charming room. Mr. Ruskin declared that of all the flowers Eugenia had painted he preferred the carnation and the verbena, his favourites, because Carpaccio had painted them in ‘St. Ursula’s Dream.’

The following morning I received this note, also in French, which he had written the very evening of our visit :

Monday, 19 Feb. ’77.

Mon cher ami,—Dans mon plaisir, qui fut vraiment grand, de voir ces dames, je perdis un peu la tête ; et j’oubliais entièrement en vous faisant mes adieux, que je dîne demain chez la Comtesse Bermiani—de sorte que je ne pourrais pas vous recevoir à votre heure de rendez-vous ordinaire ; mais à quatre heures et demi je serais chez moi ; et je voudrais beaucoup vous voir, parce qu’il me vient dans la tête quelques doutes sur la question—ou plutôt sur les faits de la substitution des marbres.

Je reste, mon cher Comte,  
Votre ami tout dévoué,

J. RUSKIN.

The doubts here mentioned referred to further charges of vandalism in his prefatory letter.

*A propos* of his dining with the Countess Bermiani, I remember that he often went there, and she had promised me a pleasant surprise in connection with our common friend. This came one day when she showed us the bust of Ruskin, which she had modelled during his frequent visits to her ‘apartment’ in the Palazzo da Mula. As a likeness the bust was remarkably successful ; it was John Ruskin exactly as he was in 1877.

A deputation from the Directing Council of the Academy finally waited on Mr. Ruskin on March 1, 1877, and informed him officially that he had been nominated honorary member of that institute. So up to March 14, 1877, we passed days and evenings in reciprocal visits. Mr. Ruskin gave lessons in painting to the ‘traduttrice,’ with whom I was studying Armenian at that time—in order to interpret certain inscriptions in St. Mark’s—in a grammar

lent us by our friend, Father Alishan, who was one of the party in our historical studies in Venice.

I frequently discussed with Mr. Ruskin the advisability of introducing certain of his religious ideas into the prefatory letter. For example, he proposed to exhort the restorers and their bureaucratic employers to work in the holy fear of the Lord, while I maintained that we should never convert the engineers to restore the monuments satisfactorily, nor induce the Government to impose better methods by preaching the Gospel to them; but only by sharpening the analysis of the errors committed, and condemning them vigorously and naturally, without having recourse to the supernatural. Sometimes I begged him not to alter certain of his energetic attacks, that almost exceeded my own. He was always kindness itself, always dissatisfied with his own performances; and, as the result of our conversations, he made numerous changes. Sometimes in consequence he half-laughingly accused me of favouring 'those atheists,' as in the following note, the only one I received from him in Italian:

Carissimo Conte,—I could not do other than make the changes; but the material is better, twenty times better in my opinion. Forgive all the annoyance and loss of time. I could not do better the first time.

Yours in everything—save in not giving way to those atheistic people in your good work.

J. RUSKIN.

One morning, however, shortly after one of our talks he sent me the following letter:

Carissimo Conte Zorzi,—That is all the Italian I know! pretty nearly, and I must trust your sweet secretary to interpret my letter to-day. For indeed I must tell you why I am so troublesome and hindering to you; *indeed* there are most grave reasons for the changes I am making in my letter. You have been thinking, my dear friend, too much of the Prefecture of Venice—and not enough of the Soul of Europe. It is neither your part, nor mine, becomingly to play the part of police officers detecting petty theft. We are antiquaries and artists, defending a monument of Christianity.

You shall forgive me—but I *must*, for your sake as for my own, insist on the word 'Religion' being introduced in page 12, and on the other alterations made in the pages now sent. Between 14 and 15 the new piece comes in, and I have had to transpose the San Severo bit, for I mean to finish in a much better way. I shall be in my rooms at ten minutes past three this afternoon, and will then finish all. Here is, alas! enough, and too much, for your poor, hardworked secretary to do, though for

Your loving friend,

J. RUSKIN.

*Please also*—Nothing must be in italics or capitals in Italian which I do not put in italics or capitals in English. True translation is as much of accents as of words.

On the 15th we went together to the printers for the English proofs, and I went there again alone the day after. On the morning of the 17th I met his gondolier, who was going to my house with this note :

Zattere, 17 March '77.

Mon cher Comte,—Je fus hier chez les imprimeurs, et les choses sont bien en train ; mais chaque fois que je relis ma lettre, je m'en trouve moins content ; je vous prierai bien de venir ~~chez moi~~—non, la prego : aux pieds des colonnes d'Acre comme des conspirateurs, aujourd'hui à 4 heures après midi, pour convenir sur certaines choses que je voudrais y changer ; à présent ce n'est presque qu'une réclamation et cri au voleur—ce qui ne me semble pas ni prudent ni politique. Un jour de plus ou moins en telle matière vaut bien la chandelle ; en cas donc que vous ne pourriez pas venir l'après midi, je vous attendrai demain soir ; l'Imprimerie ne peut travailler le dimanche, je suppose.

Croyez-moi, cher Comte,

Toujours votre ami dévoué,

J. RUSKIN.

The cancelled words 'chez moi' were connected by a line with the upper right-hand corner of the sheet, where he had written as a correction : 'non, la prego : aux pieds des colonnes d'Acre comme des conspirateurs.'

At four o'clock I was near the columns of Acre, and as we walked round St. Mark's inside and outside I made him see with his own eyes that the 'Réclamation et le cri au voleur,' both his and mine, were fully justified, and I told him that, although in his chivalry he could, of course, modify his own expressions as he pleased, I would never retract mine. In fact, he modified the whole passage which troubled him, until in its final form it read : 'What changes have been made in the other stones, or what damage done to the surfaces of those which remain, I do not know : but this I know, that in old time I looked every day at this side of St. Mark's, wondering whether I ever should be able to paint anything so lovely, and that now not only would any good colourist refuse to paint it as a principal subject ; but he would feel that he could not introduce that portion of the building into any picture without spoiling it. It would not indeed have been possible, unless with Aladdin's lamp, to make a new St. Mark's as beautiful as the old, for the like of the old marbles cannot, I believe, be obtained from any now known quarry. So that last year, lecturing in my schools at Oxford on the geology of architecture, I took these very marbles of St. Mark's for principal illustration, and to my bitter sorrow was able to hold in my hand, and show to my scholars, pieces of the white and purple veined alabasters more



than a foot square, bought here in Venice out of the wrecks of restoration.'

Showing his audience some pieces of the alabaster referred to, he said: 'These stones of Venice here in my hand are rags of the sacred robes of her church, sold and mocked like her Master. They have parted her garments and cast lots on her vesture.'

In those days the 'traduttrice,' whom Mr. Ruskin called also 'Our Secretary,' fell ill, and, delicate and timorous as he was, he feared that the chief cause of this indisposition was over-fatigue due to the work of translation, in addition to the study of painting and Armenian. Every morning he called at the Hotel Padiglione, opposite the Salute Church, where Madame Szczepanowska and her daughters were staying, and either mounted the long flight of stairs himself or sent his gondolier to ask after his pupil's health with paternal solicitude. On March 20, as he could not go to their hotel, and had to send Eugenia other proofs to correct, he wrote to me as follows:

20<sup>me</sup> Mars.

Mon cher Comte,—J'allais moi-même pour montrer la porte de l'imprimerie à mon domestique, qui y laissa tous les papiers à neuf heures ce matin. A midi j'ai reçu les épreuves que je vous envoie—mais étant aux Musées Correr je ne pouvais pas vous les envoyer plutôt.

Pourrais-je avoir par le porteur de ceci, peut-être, quelque nouvelle soulageante sur la santé de votre écolière Arménienne? Mes devoirs respectueux, je vous prie, à toutes ces dames. Et croyez-moi

Votre ami dévoué,  
J. RUSKIN.

Madame Szczepanowska, who remembered the conversation on flowers, sent two vases of carnations and verbena to Mr. Ruskin at the Zattere. He acknowledged them in this note:

26th March.

My dear Madam,—How *did* you know that those flowers were exactly what I wanted to make me quite happy (as far as old bachelors *can* be happy), in my little sunny rooms? Who told you, or how did you guess? I don't recollect talking of my flowers to you, and I had no vervain, when you came, that fortunate evening for me, to enlighten my solitude in that charming way. Indeed I thank you, I can't tell you how much

The moment this terrible book of Count Zorzi's and mine (if I may claim in sympathy some part in it) is well out of our way, I do hope that I may be permitted to show that earnest-hearted secretary of ours, some of my earnest ways of drawing study. She shall not be *tired*; but it will certainly help her to express her own graceful fancies with more ease and perfectness, if she submits to a month's work under my tyrannous laws of imitation of the Natural facts.

Will you please tell me her name, so that I may write it properly in a book

I want to ask her acceptance of—and so believe me, dear Madam, in all ways possible to me

Your faithful servant,  
J. RUSKIN.

In one of the lessons he gave his vase of verberna as a model.

My *fiancée's* surname was not an easy one. Mr. Ruskin always found a difficulty in pronouncing it, and if he wanted to write it he was obliged to have a copy.

Meanwhile the printing was advancing. I was growing impatient, as I was most anxious that the book should be published on St. Mark's Day, April 25. For the last time he showed me additions and corrections to his letter, and charged me with explanations and instructions for 'Our Secretary,' to whom he also sent the following note :

Dear Mademoiselle Eugénie,—I am under the horrible necessity of becoming your tyrant, and oppressing your kindness again, in this cruel task of translation—too sadly needful to my ignorant helplessness. I must not hope for the pleasure of giving you a drawing lesson this afternoon, but I will come in, to see if I can help at all in this sorrowful business, and am ever

Your grateful and faithful servant,  
JOHN RUSKIN.

The Count has, I hope, explained the meaning of all this !

Every time Eugenia went to see Mr. Ruskin at the 'Calcina' her attention was attracted by some sea-horses swimming in a large glass bowl ; and she said to him one day that they seemed to her to be enchanted. He made her a present of the bowl and its inhabitants that she might, as he said, indemnify herself for the dullness of her work of translation by letting her fancy run riot over those curious little beings.

It was my turn now to fall ill, and I mention the fact only because it gives me an opportunity of speaking again of Mr. Ruskin's kindness. He understood that I was becoming tiresome and irritable on account of the delay in the appearance of my book ; and that it made me impatient to think of being confined to bed when I needed all my health and strength to hasten the publication. However, he told my mother and Madame Szczepanowska that they must 'Take Alvisé and put him to bed—tie him there if necessary—cover him with six or eight blankets, right over his head even ; give him some good wine to drink, and let him sleep and perspire.' The same solicitude which made him lose all his rigidity and hasten every day to make inquiries about the health of 'Our

Secretary' he showed in my case, and was very happy when I was well again. When he found I was still inclined to be melancholy he gently scolded me, saying: 'When a man has the memory of a venerated father, and a mother living who is the noblest of counsellors—when he is engaged to a Cassandra Fedele<sup>1</sup> who will be the joy of his life—and when he is on the eve of a triumph in the cause of his country's memories, he has no right to be sad. *Sursum corda!* In the name of Saint Mark, forward, my young friend. Viva San Marco!'

On April 1, the books he had promised us arrived: beautiful editions of his works magnificently bound. For 'Our Secretary' there was 'Sesame and Lilies,' on the first page of which he wrote her name and 'with John Ruskin's grateful regards. Venice, March, 1877.' Later on he sent her 'St. Mark's Rest.' To me he gave 'Lectures on Art,' 'The Eagle's Nest,' 'The Crown of Wild Olive,' 'Val d' Arno' and 'Ariadne Florentina.' On the title-page of every volume he wrote 'Alvise Pietro Zorzi, with John Ruskin's grateful love. Venice, Easter-day, 1877.' He accompanied the gift with the following note:

Easter Day, '77.

My dear Count Zorzi,—I have not given you your 'Count' in the inscription of books, being under the impression that Venetian nobles did not accept other titles than their name in the old days: but if it is proper now, you must tell me and it can easily be added above.

I send the revise at last. I am sure you will kindly see it accurately through press—and I send you long-kept daguerrotypes. Madlle. Eugénie shall have her drawings when she comes to see me!

Ever with true regards to your mother and sisters and your sweet friends—  
enviously but affectionately yours,

JOHN RUSKIN.

*Vanitas Vanitatum*—but Ruskin was right. The title of Count borne by certain Venetian patricians is a humiliating inheritance from the Austrian domination. The titles of 'Nobil Uomo' (which distinguished the native-born nobles from the noble Venetian subjects) and 'Patrician' were and are superior to that of Count, of which the Venetian patricians had no need. The antiquity of their origin, their splendour and their powers as members of the governing body, rendered them so many princes, and the equals of the peers of France and of England. The Venetian Government, however, bestowed the title of Count on whom it thought worthy,

<sup>1</sup> Cassandra Fedele, Venetian lady, born 1465; died, according to her biographers, a miracle of learning at the age of 16. Compared to Pico della Mirandola. Gian Bellini painted her portrait.

and it was held by certain patrician houses, my own among the number, many many centuries before the iniquitous treaty of Campo Formio.

One last change he made in his prefatory letter. In allusion to my surname—the original ‘Georgi’—and Saint George, the patron saint of my family, he had written, and I keep and value the original :

I must at least in closing be permitted to express the deep respect in which I accept the name you have given me of friend : respect for your faithful love of art ; your no less faithful love of truth, and your most faithful love of your country, in whose days of trouble, rebuke, and blasphemy, you bear your ancient name in its unblemished honour, as *St. Ursula's Standard-bearer her standard of St. George's Cross, bright against the sky by the Castle of Saint Angelo.*

But after some consideration, we decided to omit the last italicised phrase. The terrible book finally saw the light on *St. Mark's Day*, April 25, 1877, and the very first person who went to buy a copy at Ongania's, the publishers, was the Director of the Restorations then going on at Saint Mark's. I cannot describe the joy of Mr. Ruskin, of my artist friends, and of all the lovers of the ‘most beautiful building in the world,’ as Mr. Ruskin called the Basilica, at the publication. Everyone was enthusiastic about Ruskin's splendid letter. Journalists, friends and acquaintances stopped to congratulate me in the street or wrote their felicitations. The painter Serra prepared an article for the ‘*Adriatico*’ in support of the new ideas. Carloforti wept for delight, and so did the good Countess Bermani as she embraced the ‘*traduttrice*.’ Wolf, the painter, asked me for a copy of my book for Prince Charles of Prussia. Van Haanen talked about it everywhere to his fellow-countrymen. European papers took it up, and ministers and art critics praised my work, and wrote congratulating me and *St. Mark's*.

After this everyone returned more tranquilly to his or her art studies. Mr. Ruskin continued his lessons to his pupil, and at the same time was hastily preparing additions for ‘*St. Mark's Rest*,’ and chapters for other studies on Carpaccio and Venice. We needed some translations for these, and as he thought Eugenia had already done work enough of the kind, he asked her mother to help him, and she at once sent him what he requested. On May 18 he wrote to her :

My dear Madam,—I have received your beautifully written translation—and am proud and grateful. I cannot however read it yet for I am collecting memoranda of final and extreme importance before leaving Venice, and must

get all things into order to-morrow and next day. If I leave them to the last I cannot *think* for hurry. So that I must not have the pleasure of seeing you and your sweet daughter until I have got all this absolutely necessary business over: and then I will come and tell you as well as I can, what I think Eugénie should do to continue her practice during the summer. I wish I could tell you how very sorry I am not to be able to have the pleasure of helping her, and how very truly and faithfully I remain

Affectionately yours.

Nevertheless in those last days of his stay in Venice, we exchanged visits as before, and talked over many questions of art.

The last time he came to the 'Padiglione' on May 21, he said to me quite spontaneously:

'With regard to your book on "Venezia Artistica," it would be impossible for me alone to furnish the sum necessary for an illustrated edition. However, I promise you that as soon as I get back to England I will gather together some of my friends and colleagues, and you shall have all the means needed for a work which must, *must*, *MUST* see the light, and as soon as possible.'

When he rose to leave, he went, with all the company, on to the terrace (which does not exist now), and said adieu to the Church of the Salute before us, and to the stretch of the Grand Canal visible to the right and left of the hotel. Then, with tears in his eyes, he shook hands with us all and wished us every happiness: while we—especially the younger of us—stood round him sadly, because we were saying farewell to one who seemed to have been our friend all our lives; and because of a vague presentiment that we should never see our friend again in Venice: and so it was.

Together with Raffaele Carloforti I accompanied Ruskin to the station on May 23. After he had embraced us, he stepped back a few paces amid all the crowd of travellers, and taking off and waving his hat, he bowed his head and sent us the last adieu. When I got home my heart was full; I felt so sure that I should never see him again. My mother tried vainly to console me; and for the moment the praises and congratulations which everyone generously showered on me ceased to give me pleasure: nay almost annoyed me. I had lost my friend.

I was cheered, however, shortly afterwards by a MS. address I received from the Italian and foreign artists then resident in Venice.

It was an immense satisfaction to me to send the address to Mr. Ruskin, together with my reply published in the 'Gazzetta di Venezia,' July 2, 1877, in which I told the story of our first

meeting, and of the generous help he had given me. He acknowledged all in the following letter to Madame Szczepanowska.

Corpus Christi College, Oxford : July 15, '77.

My dear Madam,—I must seem utterly unkind and forgetful to my Venetian friends; but if you will consider that being now nearly sixty years old, and having been—may I say it?—‘amiable’ as far as I could to everybody, I have now about three hundred and sixty-five friends in England, every one of whom thinks that, after being away for ten months, I ought at least to give them a couple of days, and hear all they have been doing, and that therefore I have a good two years’ work required of me—besides my own—you may understand that I simply have to surrender all hope of doing what I would wish, and that I must just beg those of my friends who know me—as I hope you and the Count Zorzi do—to be assured of my continued affection, whether I write or not.

Please say to the Count that I am delighted by his letter and the good testimony borne by the Venetian and foreign painters to his noble work. I can’t write Italian, but my English is very faithful and true in good will and hope for his work and for him.

Finally, give my most faithful and affectionate regards to Madlle. Eugénie. I trust she goes on drawing, and remains in good health. You were a little unkind not to tell me of her.

Of myself I can tell you nothing, but that I am at present being pulled to pieces and can’t tell what I shall be able to write or finish [of your translations, &c.] till I have gathered myself together again. But in pieces or all one, I am ever  
Your affectionate friend.

Would you kindly let my friend Mr. Bunney, who will bring this note, have the little leaf and flower drawing?

This year, 1877, the Technical Commission of the ‘Genio Civile di Venezia’ had decreed the demolition of the church of San Moisè detested by all the so-called purists, who considered it an artistic atrocity and thought that a beer garden in the German style would stand better on the site. It was completely forgotten that this church represents a glorious page in the story of architecture, and that in its strangeness it is most artistic. I opposed the projected destruction, and the scheme was abandoned. I sent the little pamphlet which embodied my views on the subject to Mr. Ruskin, not only in order to let him see what I was doing, but also because I was anxious to have news of him: his silence during the last few months made me anxious. After some delay I received the following letter:—

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire : 29 Jan. '78.

Dear Count Zorzi,—My silence has been only in sadness. When I left Venice I found myself (measuring my strength and sight on the Alps) far more exhausted than I knew, and was forced to rest utterly through great part of the summer, throwing all my intended work in England out of tune, and at last preventing my return to Venice.

What was the use of writing to tell you this? When I received your book on



San Moisè, though I entirely agreed with you, I was sorry that you had divided your strength, and appeared as a general caviller and objector, instead of champion of St. Mark's alone—and I was more and more disgusted with Venice herself and her doings. What was the use of writing to say *this*?

In my own country all is going wrong too, and my battle here is not only with those who would pull down churches, but who would pull down England—Church, people, and God, if they could make sixpence out of the ruin. All my days are occupied to the last instant when I *dare* work, and of all work writing is the most painful to me; do you wonder that I shrink from it when I have none but these things to say? You know, or ought to know, that I care for you, and for your mother and sisters, and for your sweet Secretary and *her* sister and mother. But the more I care, the less I am able to speak when I have only sorrowful things to say.

I got all the pretty cards, but they are not needed to assure me of your affectionate memories.

If only I could be in two places at once! It always seems as if one *ought* to be. But I am sure that my business at present is in England. Only believe me, as much there as in Venice.

Your affectionate friend.

Meanwhile the 'restorations' went on in Venice 'more solito,' and the ignorant proprietors of most beautiful ancient houses allowed them to be demolished and replaced by ugly modern buildings. Window frames, doors, balconies, staircases, well-heads, etc., found their way to the antiquaries' shops and then emigrated. As a Venetian and an artist, I could not follow the counsel of my friend Ruskin, and constitute myself champion of St. Mark's alone. All through 1878, therefore, I published from time to time, in the daily papers, protests against the destruction going on around me, and also considerable portions of 'Venezia Artistica.' In the circumstances I could not disturb Mr. Ruskin by reminding him of his promise to procure the money necessary for the complete illustrated edition.

Through the efforts of Mr. Ruskin, a Committee had been formed in London for the protection of St. Mark's; and on the occasion my excellent friend the late Vittorio Salmini the poet (who is not remembered in his own city as he deserves) wrote a splendid ode in praise of Ruskin and of England. The protests of this Committee made themselves heard in Venice, in spite of attempts to minimise them, and on November 9, 1880, the following year, Commendatore Azzurri, President of the Accademia Romana di San Luca, begged me to persuade Mr. Ruskin and the London Committee to join his association, which had an independent position and was international in character.



The desired union<sup>f</sup> was brought about. He wrote asking me to help him by keeping him informed of everything. 'And the most independent Academy will know how to raise its voice to prevent injury to our monuments.' On November 23 he wrote again :

I am doing my best to make the Government recognise what you, from the very first, have done for the good of art, and for the conservation of that precious jewel St. Mark's. I feel indeed the necessity of your joining closely with us, and to this end I have it in mind to propose you an honorary Academician together with John Ruskin, the European celebrity, whose bust in terra-cotta we shall soon have in our gallery, the gift of our colleague the famous English sculptor Edgar Boehm.

Up to 1885, I continued to fight for Venice and from time to time I sent to Mr. Ruskin articles and pamphlets which I published, here, without illustrations, and at Paris, in 'L'Art,' with illustrations ; and finally I forwarded to him the printed programme of the entire book I was contemplating. But in 1885, being disappointed at the action of the Municipal Government, which instead of seconding my efforts to preserve the beautiful cloister of San Francesco di Paolo, destroyed it deliberately ; and having no more hope of help in my literary work from Ruskin—of the progress of whose mental malady I had news at intervals—I accepted, with the consciousness of having done my duty in Venice, the offer made me by the Government to go and arrange the archæological collection in the ancient Cividale, the former capital of Friuli. In the spring of 1886, I went to my new work.

Mr. Ruskin returned to Venice, with his servant Baxter and Mr. Detmar Blow, in 1888 ; and it is a source of grief and regret to me that circumstances prevented our meeting on this his last visit. Instead of going to the 'Calcina,' he took some small rooms on the highest floor of the Hotel Europa. He was ill, and during the first days of his stay he did not even go out ; later he visited the Ducal Palace, St. Mark's and other churches ; but never on foot : he always went out now in a gondola. At St. Mark's he made the acquaintance of the late engineer Signor Pietro Saccardo, who had succeeded Signor Meduna in the direction of the restorations. On this occasion the Rev. Alexander Robertson, minister of the Scotch Church, visited Mr. Ruskin frequently at his hotel. He writes :

Among the first words he said to me were those that seemed to breathe the spirit of his whole life. They were not about pictures or palaces or art in any form, but about Him, Whose he was, and Whom he served. They were these

'What a blessed thing it is to be able to do anything for the cause of Christ.' To those who knew Mr. Ruskin only through certain of his writings, the idea is not unnatural that he was dogmatic and brusque; but in reality he was gentle and unassuming and sympathetic.

Dr. Robertson goes on to say :

When I had occasion to refer to the marvellous influence of his work, and in particular mentioned something said of it by the late Professor Drummond, who had been in Venice shortly before, Mr. Ruskin said: 'I am astonished; I feel as if I had only led a selfish useless life.' And when I had further occasion to speak of his works in connection with the pulpit, he thoughtfully and very solemnly said: 'That may be all true, but you must remember that it is not the printed page, but the living voice that reaches the heart of man, and converts to God.'

On this visit to Venice, Ruskin was very happy to learn that the Italian Government was maintaining its own school of mosaic workers in connection with the church, and was spending a great deal for the conservation of St. Mark's; and that, as he was told, the restorations were being carried out in harmony with the proposals made. He thought that the influence of the resident English, and of the strangers who passed through the city contributed to its welfare. Thus he departed in the confidence that our campaign had produced its effect, and that the work he had done for the 'Paradise of Cities' had been blessed by God.

If he were alive now and could revisit Venice—(except for the recent ruin of the paralytic Campanile of St. Mark's, destroyed by centuries rather than by the negligence of man—and so far fortunate that it shook the bureaucracy, and induced Professor Boni to make a thorough investigation into the state of other Venetian monuments)—Ruskin would be satisfied with the actual restorations. First of all he would admire the Ducal Palace—which he called the 'Central building of the world'—saved from ruin and rendered permanent from its very foundations (a great work superintended since 1879 by Cavaliere Domenico Rupolo the architect), which has attracted the attention of the whole of Europe. He would admire the work done in the church of the Frari by the architect Professor Bortolotti, and the frescoes of the fourteenth century, discovered in that church, which are a real feast of colour; also what has been done in San Giovanni e Paolo, in San Francesco della Vigna and in San Stefano by the engineer and architect Rosso; and in the church of the Salute by Cavaliere Professor Rupolo, all under the direction of Professor M. Ongaro. He would admire the way in which many palaces have been treated, such as the

Ca d' oro, to the merit of Baron Franchetti; the Hôtel d'Italie, under Signor Sardi; the Palazzo Manzoni, Palazzo Dario, Palazzo Barbaro under Professor Rupolo, except the iron balconies in the Dario and Barbaro palaces—which have been left there in obedience to the wish of the owners. And what admiration or rather benediction would he not bestow on those who saved the precious series of the Legend of St. George (painted by Victor Carpaccio for the Church of the Slavonians) from the great fire of 1904?

To tell of Ruskin and his Venetian and English acquaintances, from the Sacristan of S. Maria dell' Orto to Robert Browning, would be endless—Venice and Ruskin are inseparable. I possess a caricature in the supplement to the 'Graphic' of September 11, 1880, which represents Mr. Bunney in the act of copying the façade of St. Mark's. Underneath are the words: 'And the Piazza—here it is at last! with St. Mark's in the background, the base of the Campanile, and Mr. B. painting St. Mark's for Mr. Ruskin in the middle.'

Save for Professor Alessandri, the painter, who worked for him, and Commendatore Boni, the re-creator of the Roman Forum, all the old Venetian friends and appreciators of Mr. Ruskin are dead: Cecchini, the Countess Bermani, some Professors of the Academy and, two years ago, our Raffaele Carloforti, who left Leipzig, where he was teaching, for Rome in search of health: there in the flower of his age he rejoined his master. But such was the esteem in which Ruskin was held that many who never really knew him, save from seeing his familiar figure in the street, boast now of having enjoyed his acquaintance—almost his intimacy: so greatly did the power of his genius impose itself on Venice.

When Ruskin died, Venice on the proposal of Professor Alessandri and Cavalier Bordiga, voted a memorial stone to be placed in the 'Calcina' on the Zattere, where he had found the quiet needed for his beloved studies. For me at Cividale it was left to say that such a stone was not enough—that the city ought to vote a majestic monument with a statue and an inscription whereby the passing generation should record for generations to come the benefits Ruskin had conferred on Venice by his writings.

These words I repeated at the inauguration of the International Congress on September 21, last year, when returning thanks to his Excellency the Minister of Education for giving the support

of his presence to the honours rendered to the memory of Ruskin in Venice, by the assemblage of artists from all parts of the world. Let us hope that my fellow-citizens may see their way to act on the proposal. Nevertheless, in his own works Ruskin created for himself a monument high above any envy, any ingratitude: enduring superior to the ruin of centuries and oblivion.

### HOUSE-BREAKERS IN THE ALPS.

I HAD got through the afternoon at the Club more comfortably than I had expected. I had gone there in some trepidation, as several of my fellow-members were in the habit of spending their summer holiday in Switzerland, and doing some climbing. Towards the end of the afternoon, however, just as I thought I was going to escape, the incident took place which I had been dreading all the afternoon.

One of my climbing friends came to me, and, after asking how I was, said casually, 'How did you come to make such a blooming mess of things this year in the Oberland?'

I said, 'Oh, I tried an experiment, and it didn't come off; I am sorry I have got an appointment, and I must be going. So long!'

I am very much afraid that my friends whom I am in the habit of meeting in Switzerland will, by judicious questioning, find out the facts connected with my experiment last summer, and I must, I suppose, avoid the Club for the present. It occurs to me, however, that if I adopt the alternative method of making free and full confession in paper and print I shall avoid the necessity of making uncomfortable admissions verbally, so I propose to relate how what I thought would be an interesting experiment developed into what my friend justly called a 'blooming mess.'

It was on a hot day in August that I was idly watching a gang of those men who are technically known as 'house-breakers' demolishing a building in Charing Cross Road. I saw them standing on the crumbling brick walls, only a few inches thick, wielding their pickaxes as freely as if on the ground, while they deliberately cut the wall from under their feet; I noticed how magnificently they kept their balance; their fine physique; and then suddenly the fatal idea occurred to me which was to spoil my summer holiday. If these fellows, I thought, can work in this way, they ought to be able to cut steps up an ice slope and negotiate a difficult rock face. This sounded reasonable, and even up to this moment I cannot see any flaw in my argument. Moreover, I had from my youth up heard a great deal about the sterling qualities of the

British working man. I pictured him to myself as a hard-working horny-handed son of toil, with a child-like mind, and the guileless victim of the proprietor of the nearest public-house. I thought how pleasant it would be to have such men as company when doing a Peak or a Pass. I know many of the Swiss guides very well; I know their wonderful physique, their loyalty to the man they are escorting, and I appreciated to the full the *camaraderie* which grows up between the true-hearted climber and his guides; and I thought that if I were to ask two or three of these 'house-breakers' to go to Switzerland with me, the same friendly relationship might grow up between me and them, while their physique and their training admirably fitted them for Alpine work, and at the same time I should be giving them a gorgeous holiday.

The following evening I put my plan into operation. When six o'clock came I waited for my friends as they were leaving the condemned houses, and suggested to one of them that they and I should adjourn to 'The Cat with Two Heads' for a drink. They looked at me with great suspicion, but it would be against the traditions of the British working man to refuse a drink at someone else's expense, and four or five of them followed me into the bar of that hostelry. They eyed me suspiciously, and I am inclined to think that their first impression was that I was either connected with their Union or that I was opposed to it; at any rate, they thought that I wished to extract information from them. I cautiously unfolded my project; I pointed out to them what an excellent holiday it would be; I explained that the work which they would have to do was akin to that which they were now doing, and that they were admirably fitted to do it. I touched cautiously on the pleasure of doing a Peak or a Pass, as I doubted whether the joys of climbing would appeal to them in the same way that they do to me; and this was perhaps well, because even my cautious remarks elicited from one of them an expression of surprise 'why anybody should go up a bleedin' 'ill if they were goin' to come down the same side of it again; as for him, anyway, 'e would go round on the flat.'

Another man was anxious to know why I wanted to take them out to Switzerland; whether if they went I would pay the Union rate of wages and lodging money; while a third man darkly remarked 'that he believed that I was going to do for them out there and sell them as "stiffs."' After a time, and after more beer, my friends began to take more kindly to my suggestion, especially

when one of them pointed out that 'the Guv'nor 'adn't got any other job of breakin' a-comin' on.' Everything must come to an end, including the British working man's capacity for beer and talk, and so we parted, having arranged that I should meet them there the next day to make final arrangements for our proposed journey. I went home and reflected deeply, and came to the conclusion that I was on the high road to make a fool of myself. But then came back to me the idea of the glory with which I should be covered in Switzerland if I were to do two or three Peaks or Passes without guides, and accompanied by men who had just come out from England, and who were new to the work. I knew my way up and down many of the Swiss mountains, and surely with the muscular development and sureness of foot of my new friends, I could do anything.

The next day, after more talk and more beer, everything was arranged. Three of my friends would accompany me; the fourth said he was willing to do so but that he could not; one of the others hoarsely explained to me: 'E 'as got a missus wot's a real treat; she would 'ave to come too if 'e went, and, oh Lor! don't she smack 'is 'cad sometimes.'

Two of the men who were going to accompany me were also married, but I gathered from their conversation that in their establishments it was the 'missus' who got her head smacked. However, I was not altogether displeased, as the three of them and myself would make a nice party of four when roped. The names of my three fellow-travellers were Suggs, Orker, and Jobe; I never found out whether the last was a patronymic or a Christian name, and I strongly suspect that Orker's real name was Hawker.

The eventful day of our departure arrived. I met my three companions at 'The Cat with Two Heads' about 10 A.M., as they had expressed a wish to have a last drink of beer there before starting. I found to my horror that they were all attired in their Sunday best—black cloth suits and hard hats; in fact, our party looked as if we were about to attend a cheap funeral. They all seemed to be extremely uncomfortable when thus attired; their luggage was elementary, and principally consisted of two large red pocket-handkerchiefs each, tied into a bundle and containing, I hoped, their working clothes as being more suitable for Switzerland. I had insisted that these should be brought with them, and I had laid great stress on the necessity of thick boots. I could not conceive that a change of raiment was in the bundles,



much less how they would live on them for three weeks, but I had yet to find out how inexhaustible were their depths. Jobe had also brought his can of cold tea ; Suggs showed some faint symptoms of realising that he was going for a holiday ; but Orker reminded me in a hoarse voice that they were to be paid every Friday at 6 P.M., that the working day was to be nine hours, all overtime to be paid for as time and a half.

I had taken a first-class ticket for myself and return second-class tickets for the men ; when I handed these to them I saw Jobe nudge Orker and point out to him with a grimy thumb the word 'return.' I think if I had taken single tickets they would even at the last moment have refused to start, for both Jobe and Orker were evidently still suspicious as to my object in getting them out of the country.

The journey down to Dover was uneventful, but the crossing to Calais was rough, and with the exception of Suggs my friends suffered severely. Jobe's hat was blown into the sea, and in spite of sea-sickness his language on the subject was picturesque, not to say blasphemous. I gave them lunch at the Buffet at Calais, but Jobe and Orker ate very little, partly because they did not like their surroundings, and partly because the horror of the crossing was still moving them internally. They would have been even more depressed than they were had it not been for their indignation at the 'dressed imperence' of the Custom-house officers in wishing to see what was in their bundles. This acted as a tonic, and, having something to grumble at, the terrible tale of the sea faded from their minds.

When we all turned out of the train at Basle early the next morning my three friends were again themselves ; they did not take at all kindly to the usual breakfast of coffee, bread and butter, and Swiss honey, and Orker pushed the viands on one side to look at a grimy piece of paper on which Jobe was calculating up the amount of overtime they had already made. I was asked to make a time-sheet for each of them, and to hand it to them properly initialled ; Suggs airily detached himself from the other two, and intimated that 'he was sure that the Guv'nor would py orl rite without them bloomin' things.' I began to realise that if my expedition was to be a success this result could only be arrived at with the help of Suggs, who was a Cockney by birth and language, an Irishman by sentiment, and a really good specimen of a working man. Moreover, he was the only one of the three who was pre-

pared to enjoy himself, and who looked upon our outing as a holiday. It was borne in upon me that the other two men looked upon the outing and myself as component parts of a machine to grind out overtime.

Our destination was Grindelwald, and as the morning wore on we got nearer and nearer to the Oberland Peaks. I pointed them out to my companions, and explained that the object of our journey was to get to the top of them. By this time they were getting sleepy and cross, and were disposed to be argumentative; they would not admit for a moment that the white objects which I pointed out to them on the horizon were anything but clouds. 'It ain't no sort o' use yer tryin' to kid us like that, Guv'nor,' said Jobe, with conscious dignity.

As time went on, however, the great Oberland mountains began to assert themselves more and more, until at last, when we had reached Interlaken, my friends were convinced not only of their reality, but also that they were somewhat different from anything they had met before. I explained that our intention was to go up to the top of several of them, at which they laughed. I told them that I had already climbed every one of them, and Orker said to Jobe, 'Ain't the Guv'nor a lovely liar?'

Suggs was somewhat thoughtful, and inquired after a few minutes, 'Sy, Guv'nor, d'yer think I could git up them 'ills?'

'Oh yes, with a little trouble and care.'

'Then I'm blimed if I don't 'ave a go at 'em.'

We went up slowly the narrow-gauge railway from Interlaken to Grindelwald, and rather to my surprise I found that all three men were much interested in the steeper part of the line, where the train winds itself up on a cog-centre line. In due course of time we arrived at 'The Bear,' where I am afraid I tacitly accepted the position in which I was placed by my old friends the proprietors; they assumed that I was acting the part of a philanthropic Englishman, and giving a holiday to working men. Now, when I was at close quarters with the undertaking which I had initiated, I realised how futile were my intentions, and how unlikely it was that the three men I had brought with me could in any way replace the cheery companionship of the Oberland guides who had been with me in the mountains in past years. However, I had brought the three men there, and I must make the best of matters as they were. My only hope was in Suggs; he grew more and more cheery, and seemed to realise that he was out for a holiday. 'Wy, this 'ere

is a-goin' to be a bloomin' lark,' was the only comment he made. Unfortunately, however, he did not seem to be able to influence his fellow-workmen. Indeed, in many ways he seemed to find it necessary to throw his lot in with them rather than with me; but, after all, he was perhaps wise not to sacrifice any influence he may have had among them for the sake of a week or two in Switzerland.

It was, of course, necessary that both my friends and I should have a few preliminary walks on the glacier before we attempted any real ascent, so the following morning saw us starting for Baregg about 9 A.M. I divided the few things I wished to take up with me into equal packages, but my men absolutely refused to carry anything; that was not their 'job.' Suggs, however, came to the rescue. 'Yer silly idjuts, carn't yer carry yer dinner? Bli' me, I'm a-goin' to.'

The idea that it was their midday meal that they were to take with them was novel, their scruples were overcome, and we started. As we passed through the village, I purchased for each of them a local made ice-axe. Jobe examined his critically, expectorated copiously, and said, 'That ain't no sort of a bloomin' tool, no 'ow.'

He seemed to express the collective opinion of the party, and I felt that ice-axes would always be looked upon as an encumbrance. My intention was to take the party on to the glacier below Baregg, give them a few hints on step-cutting, and to come down the ice-fall. I was anxious that my men should get accustomed to ice, and that they should learn how to cut steps, for I fully intended that when we made our ascents the step-cutting should be divided equally among all the members of the party. We had not walked for more than half an hour before I discovered that my men were in very bad condition; we had crossed the stream and we had begun to ascend, and they were all fairly blown. I had a *rucksack* with me, and by degrees the parcels of provisions had to be put in it, as I was the only man of the party capable of carrying anything. They were all intensely anxious to stop and listen to an Alpine horn, one of those abominations which infest Swiss mountain paths, but I was stern, and would not allow them to stop, so at length we reached Baregg. Jobe insisted on an hour for dinner, and indeed both he and Orker were so played out with their two hours' walk that a rest was necessary. After lunch, or dinner, as they called it, we went down the ladders on to the glacier; the ladders produced feelings of unutterable contempt on the part

of my men. 'Just fit for bally firewood,' was Suggs's comment. Arrived at the foot of the ladders, we walked along the moraine for a few minutes. The actual point where the ice begins is difficult to determine, as the lateral moraine covers a good deal of it; but I explained to my men that we were on ice, and told them they must be a bit careful. They did not believe me. I took them towards the Kalli, and began cutting some steps across an ice slope covered with moraine; I told them to follow me and put their feet well in the steps which I had cut. Orker came first, looked for a second at the ice and the step, deliberately trod out of it and slithered down the gentle slope some twenty feet into a gully. 'I'm 'urt, Guv'nor; yer'll 'ave to py under the Liability Act,' he hollered from the gully.

I thought I had realised the light in which the men looked upon the expedition, but this was an unexpected development, so with vague recollections of judicial decisions in my mind I said, with all the dignity I could command, 'This is not a factory, nor is the building thirty feet high.'

Orker did not reply, but Suggs said to me *sotto voce*, 'That's the wy to tork to 'im, Guv'nor.'

Orker slowly scrambled up on all fours; he was unhurt, but sulky; Jobe was palpably frightened, and I think that Suggs was enjoying the prospect of a 'row.' I thought it was time to try and pull my men together. I uncoiled the rope I had brought with me, tied it round Orker, and lowered him down the ice-slope, telling him to keep himself upright with his ice-axe. Jobe absolutely refused to go down the 'bleedin' 'ill,' so I walked them all over the smooth part of the glacier, and suggested a drink of whisky. I passed the cup of my flask round with whisky filled up with water from one of the many dozens of little rivulets on the glacier; I left the flask in their charge and walked off to look for a general line down the glacier. When I came back the three men were talking earnestly. I heard Jobe say, 'This 'ere whisky is a sight better 'n that blamed winegar we 'ad at dinner.'

I presume he referred to the white wine.

Orker was still indignant. 'Any'ow, I'll tich 'im to throw me down the bleedin' rocks.'

'I'm a-goin' 'ome,' answered Jobe. 'It's a shime to be'ave to a workin' man like this 'ere.'

'Yer bloomin' idjut,' said Suggs, 'it warn't rocks, it wor hice, and yer bloomin' well throwed yerself darn; I'm a 'aving a rare 'ol

beano, an' I ain't a-goin' back to Hengland as long as I can stay 'ere. If yer lays it on to the Guv'nor, 'e'll give yer a bit p'haps for that fall, and then we can dror a bit off yer.'

I came round a boulder, and further conversation ceased.

I should prefer to draw a veil over the events which happened during the remainder of the afternoon. If we had had a real accident, or if we had come in contact with some catastrophic occurrence, I should look back to that time without the feeling of intense irritation which the memory of it brings back to my mind. Each individual incident is trivial, but my sentiments with regard to the aggregate could only be expressed in language which would be wholly unprintable.

As everyone knows, the first portion of the Lower Glacier on the way down is singularly easy to negotiate, and in most parts progress along it resembles walking in a ploughed field on which has been scattered a countless number of boulders of all sizes. If there had been any real difficulties, it is possible that my two recalcitrant friends might have forgotten their grievances and not have sulked all the way down. Suggs was evidently in a position of considerable difficulty; the precepts inculcated by Trades Unionism warned him that he must stick to his mates; on the other hand, he was keenly interested in the novel situation in which he found himself, and he was anxious to enjoy himself, but he could not do this without appearing to side with the 'Guv'nor.'

I tried to show my men how to cut steps. Jobe and Orker sulkily struck their ice-axes into the ice-slope, dealing blows that would not have harmed a fly of ordinary muscularity. They were being paid by the hour, and in the frame of mind which they then were they were determined to do as little work as possible. Suggs, however, after a time adopted a different attitude; he was accustomed to bricks and mortar, but he was now dealing with a material which was new to him; he became interested in the work, and after half an hour he could cut steps in which he could stand, though he did not care to use them unless they were about the size of an ordinary bath. The other two men picked away a small quantity of ice, but no power on earth would induce them to make anything approaching steps; evidently their job was to pick away as much, or rather as little, of the glacier as could be done in a day's work, and it was immaterial to them that the man who paid them for doing this was, from their point of view, a hopeless lunatic.

It was a hot afternoon, and my men began to find step-cutting

rather warm work, so we continued our progress down the glacier with prospects of dinner in view. We passed by the masses of fallen ice below the Eiger; I pointed out to my men how the masses of ice crumbled and disintegrated as they came down and broke up into their original constituent of snow; suddenly we heard a rumble, and we saw on our left a white waving tide slowly advancing towards us. Fortunately, none of the three men realised that there might be any danger, so there was no panic, but they could not understand why I hurried them to the right; luckily, the fall was only a small one, and did not come beyond the snow that had fallen in the same place earlier in the year. After the white wave had ceased to flow in our direction we went on to it, and I think my men were genuinely frightened when they realised the power that lay behind what appeared to be an insignificant fall of ice; then our real troubles began. We came to one or two crevasses which required crossing with care. Orker and Jobe sat down and positively refused to go any further. Suggs had by this time attained to that unreasoning confidence which is born of ignorance, and while I was trying to persuade the other two to move on, I found it was necessary to run after Suggs, who was amusing himself by jumping backwards and forwards over a four-foot crevasse. I uncoiled the rope I was carrying, fastened it round Orker and Jobe, and told Suggs to come and help me hold the end of it.

Eventually I had to help the two sulky ones over every difficulty, while Suggs anchored himself with my ice-axe and paid out the rope as required. It was evident by this time that Suggs intended to let Trades Union precepts go to the winds, and that he had definitely decided to throw his lot in with me; but even with his assistance it was difficult to overcome the intention of the other men to give as much trouble as possible.

However, the longest afternoon must have an end, and the shadows were lengthening as we eventually got to the foot of the glacier. I took off the rope and turned round to tell Suggs to come along, and found he had wholly disappeared. I heard a bit of scuffling, and discovered that he had slithered down some twenty feet into a broad crevasse; he was quite unhurt, and was sitting at the bottom roaring with laughter. I lowered the rope to him, and had him up in a minute, but it was necessary to point out to him, in the strongest possible terms, the folly of moving about carelessly on a glacier, and what a different result would have occurred had the crevasse been a deep one.



We got on to the path on the moraine and strolled back to the hotel. Thus ended my first day with my men on the ice, and by this time I knew that my experiment was a deadly failure, though, if all the men with me had been like Suggs, I cannot even now see why it should not have been successful.

The evening meal passed off in solemn silence, so far as my men were concerned, but afterwards, as I was anxious to restore good feeling, I suggested that we should adjourn to the village public-house. They assented to this with some alacrity, and under the influence of some excellent Scotch whisky their tempers improved, though they were very indignant they could not be served with their usual pint of bitter. I went to bed feeling a little more hopeful as to what would happen during the following few days, though it was very evident to me that it would be a long time before my men could accomplish even the simplest ascent. Moreover, their physical condition was such that they would require a good deal of walking to make them fit for it, even if they could acquire the necessary confidence.

During the next few days we did a good deal of walking, and, as everyone will understand who knows the Grindelwald Valley, most of it was not on the flat. My men improved in physical condition, and were not so much blown by going up hill as they had been at first; Jobe and Orker's tempers also improved, while Suggs was anxious to 'ave another lark on the bloomin' hice.'

Accordingly, one morning he and I set out for the glacier, the other men having instructions to take a walk before dinner, but being otherwise left to themselves for the day. I found that Suggs was rapidly developing into a keen Alpine climber, but that his tendency to be rash was likely to lead him into difficulty. He expressed himself as singularly well satisfied with his holiday, but what seemed to charm him most was the incredulity with which he said his pals would receive his account of what he had been doing while away. 'My Gord, they will sy I'm a bloomin' liar,' he said with pride.

When we got back in the evening I found that the other two men had spent the afternoon at the small village public-house, which, I need hardly say, is quite different from a similar establishment in England, and is resorted to by the most respectable people. I inquired how they had managed about payment, thinking that they might have had difficulties with the Swiss currency.

'Ow, we didn't py,' said Orker.



No,' said Jobe, waving his hand airily, 'when it kime to pyin', we jest said to the lidy wot torks Henglish, "Yer better see the Guv'nor."'

Time was going on; we had done no climbing, and the ten days which I had meant to spend at Grindelwald were coming to an end. If anything were to be done it must be done at once, and I determined to take my men up the Wetterhorn. I had several times pointed this mountain out to them, and discoursed concerning the way up, so that I do not think they were wholly surprised when I told them of my intentions. Jobe and Orker nudged one another and grinned; Suggs laughed. I saw there was something up, but I did not quite understand what it was till Suggs remarked in an airy way:

'Sy, Mister, is the py offis up there?' pointing to the top of the Wetterhorn.

'Pay Office,' I said, with twenty notes of interrogation in my voice.

'Ho, yuss, I don't mind a-trustin' yer over to-dy, but we orl likes our wages reg'lar.'

Then it flashed across my mind that it was Friday morning, that the first week's wages and overtime were due at six in the afternoon, and that if I carried out my intention of climbing the Wetterhorn we should be well on our way to the Gleckstein Hut at that time. I hurriedly came to the conclusion that I would pay my men at once, reserving the question of overtime which might be made on that day until the following week. I asked for the time sheets, which I had seen Jobe making up at intervals during the week. As I expected, the amount of overtime was enormous. Every hour of the journey out had, of course, been charged, but there were several entries of 9 to 10 P.M., which puzzled me, and I inquired what they had been doing at these times in my employment.

Orker said: 'Those be the times wot yer dragged us 'ard-workin' blokes from our well-earned rest to that 'ouse in the village.'

They were making me pay overtime for each of the occasions when I had taken them to the village public-house. I did not want any friction, and I paid the amounts demanded like a lamb. But a new difficulty arose. I could pay the larger portion in English gold, but I had not sufficient English silver to pay the odd money, and Jobe and Orker absolutely refused to take 'those nasty things wot didn't look like money at all.' I compromised matters by

treating every fractional part of a half-sovereign as ten shillings and paying in gold.

These ceremonies completed, I at once set about the arrangements for the ascent of the Wetterhorn. Everything was ready for starting, when a new difficulty arose. My men absolutely refused to carry the firewood.

'I ain't a-goin' to carry that,' said Orker, 'I'm a workin' man.'

'Garn, git yer firewood when yer gits there,' said Jobe.

It was in vain I explained that firewood didn't grow at the height where we were going to sleep. They were adamant, and eventually I carried the firewood myself. I insisted, however, that the men should carry the provisions, and, to do them justice, they were, I think, surprised at the quantity we were taking.

I took my rope, and at last we were off; we were commencing our first ascent, a very humble ascent, it is true, but one that is very good as a beginning, and which I had myself done for a good many consecutive years on my arrival at Grindelwald just to get into training.

Now at last I felt I was on my own ground, and I tried to persuade myself that my experiment was succeeding. I mentally reviewed future ascents of the Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn, but in my heart I knew I had made a mistake, and that my experiment was a miserable failure. I missed the cheery companionship of my Swiss guides, for which even Suggs's breeziness was but a poor substitute. As we went through the village we met Peter Baumann; I had hitherto avoided bringing my men under his critical eye, and I suspect that he had purposely come out to take stock of our party before we made our first ascent. Then did I more than ever regret that I was not going with him, and that I was going with my companions. I took my men through the woods to the Milchbach Châlet instead of going by the Wetterhorn Hotel, as I must frankly admit that I was anxious to avoid observation, and I did not wish to meet other guides whom I knew.

My men went quite quietly through the woods, for by this time they were really getting into fair training. We went up the ladders above the Milchbach in fine style, though my men were very contemptuous with regard to the way in which they were made. Then we had to cross the glacier. As soon as we were on the ice there was trouble, in spite of the fact that it was nearly as level as a ploughed field. Jobe and Orker wanted to go back, but Suggs

came to the rescue with the remark, 'Yer stick to the Guv'nor, mites, 'e'll pull yer through.' And this is what I literally had to do, partly by leading, partly by coaxing, and, when we got near to the other side, by threatening to leave them there if they would not come on. Getting off the glacier is a job that requires a little care, as the rocks are ice-worn, and there is a biggish bergschrund. I got up first myself and hauled my men one by one, and as soon as they got on the rock face they thought that all danger was over, and I had great difficulty in persuading them that a slip on the polished rock face might lead to serious consequences. Suggs wanted to know why I wished them to be careful, and so I pointed out to him the bergschrund into which they would have fallen. His only remark was, 'Oh crumbs!'

We trotted along gaily to the rock face which has to be traversed on the way to the hut, and where the rope is generally used, and it was here that the good qualities of my men showed themselves. They went over it very quickly, but with great care, having entirely refused to be roped, though they fully appreciated what the result of a slip would be, and we ultimately came to the Gleckstein Hut in very good time in spite of the delay on the glacier. I opened the door, took down the shutter, put on the chimney, threw down my bundle of firewood, and told Orker to go and get some water. I found that all my men were standing outside staring at the interior of the hut and its contents, with an expression of extreme disgust.

Orker then said: 'Sy, Guv'nor, we ain't a-goin' to sleep in that 'ere dog kennel, are we?'

'I'm a-goin' 'ome,' said Jobe; while even Suggs regretfully admitted: 'This 'ere ain't no bloomin' beano, any'ow.'

I must admit that the sleeping accommodation was inferior; it was late in the season and the straw had become very dingy, having been used by countless parties. I pointed out that we should be leaving at 3 A.M., so that after all it did not much matter what we slept on for an hour or two. The men would not be pacified. 'It's a darned sight worse nor a casual ward,' remarked Orker, and it was only when I pointed out that we could not get back to Grindelwald the same night, and that it was time we had something to eat, that the discussion concerning the accommodation temporarily terminated, and we began to prepare our supper.

I found that none of my men had the most elementary idea

on the subject of cooking, though they were inclined to be fastidious and critical with regard to the results of *my* efforts in that direction. The walk up to the hut had developed their appetites, and I was astounded to see how much food they could dispose of; indeed, in spite of our ample supply, I had to point out to them that it was necessary to leave enough for our meals on the following day.

After supper I washed up, as they would not help me in any way, and then with curses, not loud but deep, my men settled down for the night in the dingy straw on the tiny raised platform. I undertook to call the party at 3 A.M., and after a very short time a nasal concert assured me that two at least of my men were fast asleep. I dozed off, waking up pretty frequently, as I was anxious not to be too late in the morning, and when three o'clock came I routed out my men. They were all, Suggs included, sulky and unhappy. They again pointed out how foolish it was to try and climb 'a bleedin' 'ill' in the middle of the night. However, we had some breakfast; I again had to do all the cooking; and we started. We got on fairly well, tumbling over the stones in the dark, till we got to the edge of the ice, where we sat down for a few minutes until it was light enough to negotiate the glacier.

I uncoiled the rope, made it fast to all of us, and began step-cutting up the ice. Suggs was the second on the rope, and I asked him to finish up the steps which I had roughly made, leaving Jobe and Orker with nothing to do except to walk up in the steps which they found ready for them.

Suggs's irrepressible gaiety of heart was nearly the cause of an accident; he gave a sharp tug to the rope to attract my attention, nearly pulling me out of my step and said:

'Sy, Guv'nor, wot a bloomin' joke it 'ud be to go a-slidin' down there!'

I said to him with some asperity: 'If we go sliding down there we should slide over a four hundred foot drop at the bottom.'

'I thought 'as 'ow wrong 'uns only got an eight foot drop in general,' he replied.

It seemed to be impossible to make him realise that care was necessary, but our short conversation had been overheard by Jobe and Orker, and had apparently intensified the terror which weighed on their pusillanimous souls.

We progressed slowly for some minutes, and eventually arrived at the long crevasse which generally runs transversely across the

ice-slope up which we were climbing. This was too much for Jobe and Orker, and they hurriedly held a whispered conference.

Then said Jobe: 'Ere, Guv'nor, we air a-goin' to strike; Orker an' I ain't a-goin' to go across that bally thing, not no 'ow'; and then, turning to Suggs, he added, wistfully, 'Yer won't be a black-leg, will yer, mate?'

I said: 'Look here, men, you can't strike here, anyway; let's get on up to the top and we'll talk it over then.'

Orker replied on behalf of all of them: 'Garn, we bally well want to go 'ome.'

I looked at Suggs, and noticed that he seemed troubled, then in a hoarse whisper, intended for a stage aside, but audible everywhere within a hundred yards, he said: 'Sy, Guv'nor, carn't yer an' I git up the bloomin' 'ill and let them chaps go 'ome?'

This suggestion seemed to be the only solution of the difficulty, but it involved taking Jobe and Orker back to the hut, and I was not quite sure whether I should find Suggs a very safe companion on the rope, having in view his skittish propensities; but I reflected that in case of a slip Jobe and Orker would be perfectly useless, and only so much more dead weight. By tacit consent we all turned round and proceeded to retrace our steps down the ice. It was, of course, impossible to rearrange the rope at that moment, though as we were coming down Jobe was leading, followed by Orker, Suggs, and myself. Coming down is a good deal worse than going up. When Jobe and Orker saw the fairly steep ice-slope in front of them they were terrified beyond words, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could persuade them to move at all. For a moment I thought we were in for a serious accident, but by dint of using language to them which was wholly unsuited for a drawing-room, I managed to persuade them to crawl down our steps, bearing off to the right, and we eventually got off the ice. As we stepped again on to *terra firma* Suggs said to me admiringly: 'Bli' me, Guv'nor, I didn't think yer could tork like that.'

We had wasted a good deal of valuable time, and I asked Jobe and Orker whether they could find their own way back to the hut, giving them general directions how to find it. They professed themselves quite certain of their ability to get there without any difficulty, Jobe remarking: 'Find it; in course we can; wy, ain't it the only bally 'ouse on the bloomin' 'ill?'

'It ain't no 'ouse,' said Orker, 'it's a blarsted pigsty.'

I was not so sure that they would find the hut, as the side of the Wetterhorn is very big, and the Gleckstein Hut is very small, but I was too disgusted with the two men to care much whether they did or did not find their way, and I knew that Suggs and I could pick them up as we came down in the afternoon.

Suggs and I re-started, ran up our steps to the crevasse, and tackled our climb in real earnest. We encountered no serious difficulty, though I found a small cornice overhanging just below the summit at the top of the last ice-slope, which I had some little difficulty in cutting through, and I had very often to check Suggs's rashness, specially on the ice, but he went up the long couloir below the saddle in magnificent style. We smoked the traditional pipe on the summit, and the volatile Suggs was sobered by the wonderful aspect of the new world in which he found himself, but the principal impression made on his mind was with regard to what would be thought of the stories he intended to relate when he got home. 'My Gord, they will sy I'm a bloomin' liar,' he repeated, with even more pride than when he had last made that remark.

Owing to the *contretemps* in the morning, we were later than we should have been, so I could not allow him to stay on the top for any time, and we made the descent as quickly as possible; but the sun had got on to the glacier, and that object had commenced its nasty habit of throwing stones, as is usual under these circumstances. Suggs was delighted to see them whizzing past, and was wholly incredulous when I told him that if any of these small missiles struck us we should very likely be killed on the spot. My conscience reproached me for not having warned Jobe and Orker with regard to the stones, and I expressed my regret to Suggs. 'Gord bless yer, Guv'nor, they wouldn't 'ave believed yer hany more than Hi do.' After this I thought it useless to continue the conversation, and in a few minutes we got out of the danger zone without an accident.

The next thing was to find Jobe and Orker, so we went straight to the hut, and found they were not there, nor were there any signs of their having been there all day. After a prolonged search and much shouting, we found them sitting under a big rock in the sun very cowed and subdued and very hungry. They had missed the hut and were unfeignedly glad to see us again. Nothing more was said on the question of a strike, and they meekly accompanied us. They were anxious to stay and make a square meal, but I was determined to get beyond any difficulties before it was

dark, and I only allowed them to eat hurriedly. We got down from the hut without difficulty; Jobe and Orker were silent nearly the whole way, whilst Suggs inquired from them sarcastically whether they were attending a 'bloomin' funeral.'

They were, as usual, supremely unhappy when crossing the glacier, which in consequence occupied a long time, but we eventually arrived at 'The Bear' just after dark.

Thus ended my experiment. I paid them all their wages up to, and including, the following Friday, together with a liberal allowance for overtime. I gave them full written directions for the journey home, and the next morning they all three departed. Suggs pleaded hard to be allowed to stay on, but in spite of his cheeriness I thought it better to wash my hands of the lot, and I knew that I should rejoice to find myself alone in Grindelwald. I promised Suggs, however, that he should have a chance of coming there the following year, and I arranged with him how to find him in the meantime. As for Jobe and Orker, I hope I shall never see them again. I shall never again visit 'The Cat with Two Heads,' for fear I may meet them, but this will be no privation to me, for I am not in the habit of frequenting that hostelry.

I think my friend was right, and that I did 'make a blooming mess of things this year in the Oberland.'

D. G. H.-G.



## *THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.<sup>1</sup>*

'The modern spirit is not the spirit which always denies, delighting only in destruction. Still less is it that which builds castles in the air rather than not construct.'

CAN life arise in these days and under the conditions which now exist without the agency of pre-existing living matter? Is life biogenic or abiogenic in its mode of origin?

What has experimental science to say on this question?

For centuries upon centuries nearly everyone who has thought upon this subject appears to have come to the same conclusion. Poets and philosophers, the learned and the unlearned, all alike have answered the question which stands at the beginning of this article in the affirmative. Doubt seems to have been to them incomprehensible, and thus the words of St. Paul: 'Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die,' expressed equally well the conviction of the most learned of the philosophers and that of the humblest of the disciples of Christ. Nor, as far as one can judge, did the progress of time weaken this widespread conviction, for we find such leaders of thought in the Middle Ages as Bacon and Van Helmont<sup>2</sup> making, on the subject of spontaneous generation, some of the strangest assertions to be found anywhere in the annals of science. Thus, in the 'New Atlantis' (1627) one of the fathers of Solomon's house declares that in the enclosures and parks of that wonderful palace of research, we find means to 'make a number of kinds of serpents, worms, flies, fishes of putrefaction, whereof some are advanced (in effect) to be perfect creatures like beasts and birds; and have sexes and do propagate. Neither do we this by chance, but we know beforehand of what matter and commixture, what kind of those creatures will arise.' 'We have also means to make diverse plants rise by mixtures of earths without seeds; and likewise to make diverse new plants differing from the vulgar, and to make one tree or plant turn into another.' Whilst Van Helmont (1577-1644),<sup>3</sup> the chemist, physician,

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1906, by W. A. Shenstone, in the United States of America.

<sup>2</sup> Van Helmont, though a mystic, was by no means incapable of devising and performing sound experiments, and both chemistry and medicine are indebted to him for important discoveries and reforms.

<sup>3</sup> His writings were not published till after his death, viz. 1648.

and mystic, who saw his own soul 'under the figure of a resplendent crystal' in the year 1633, and whose name will remind many of my readers of one of the most beautiful passages in that remarkable book 'John Inglesant,' actually gave receipts for the production of mice and vipers; saying that to produce a pot of mice 'it suffices to press a dirty sheet into the mouth of a vessel containing a little corn, when, after about twenty-one days, the ferment proceeding from the linen modified by the odour<sup>1</sup> of the corn effects the transformation of the wheat into mice.' Van Helmont even stated that he had himself witnessed this transformation, and that the mice were born full grown and of both sexes. Thus, during century after century, it was held by all that 'the corruption of one thing is the life of another,' and that living matter springs spontaneously from non-living matter, incessantly and on a vast scale in every direction around us. And all this while, as far as we can judge, no serious attempt was made to test the truth of these statements by means of a really carefully considered experiment. But by the middle of the seventeenth century a change was at hand, and about the year 1670, Francesco Redi, the great Italian, a scholar and physician, the contemporary but rather the senior of Harvey, taking in his hand a few pieces of flesh and some strips of fine gauze, devised an experiment which marks an epoch in the history of human thought, and has formed the model for every experiment made on the subject of 'spontaneous generation' from that time till to-day.

It is the fortune, as my friend Mr. Punnett has lately reminded us in the opening chapter of his charming little book on 'Mendelism,' of some great ideas to be received at once with the good will and acclamation of all. But it is the fate of others to win acceptance only after long and even bitter struggles and much conflict. Redi's doctrine *Omne vivum ex vivo*, or, as we should express it to-day, 'no life without antecedent life,' belongs to the latter class. From the latter half of the sixteenth century till to-day, everyone who has investigated the origin of life has followed the lines laid down by the great Italian. But his conclusions have been contested again and again, and, even at this moment, are the subject of a certain amount of suspicion on the part of many thoughtful people

<sup>1</sup> Van Helmont, who was a careful student of the gases, believed that smells play a great part in the generation of life. Thus he writes: 'The smells which arise from the bottom of morasses produce frogs, slugs, leeches, grasses and other things.'

who, owing to want of familiarity with the details of the great discussions which took place a generation ago, were not able to separate for themselves the wheat from the chaff when reading the sensational articles on the origin of life which were so conspicuous in newspapers and magazines a few months ago.

Flesh, as we all know, when kept in contact with atmospheric air becomes putrid, and soon swarms with maggots. And the question is, do these maggots find their origin in the putrefaction of the flesh? Van Helmont and those who came before him answered this question in the affirmative. Redi's reply was—Let us make an experiment and find out. May it not be that these maggots come from some source outside the flesh on which we find them? Accordingly, the great Italian placed pieces of flesh in jars covered with fine gauze, which prevented the access of flies. When he did this, the flesh became putrid as before; but the most careful observer could detect no maggots upon it, though other pieces of the same flesh placed beside it, but not similarly protected, soon swarmed with maggots, which are the larvæ of flies, in the usual manner. Is it not plain, said Redi, that the maggots we find on putrid flesh are not created by the putrefaction of the flesh nor by the action of the air or of any vapour, both of which could find their way through the gauze, but are produced from eggs laid by the flies? If any confirmation of this conclusion is needed, it is only necessary to let meat putrefy inside a gauze cage, when blow-flies, attracted by the odour, will visit the vessel and, since they cannot reach the flesh, lay on the muslin eggs from which maggots are quickly hatched. Redi's experiment, as you see, was almost childish in its simplicity and directness. It went straight to the heart of the matter. Anyone can repeat it for himself. Everyone who repeats it confirms Redi's conclusions, if he really keeps the flies away from the putrefying matter.

It would be impossible within the limits of a dozen pages or so to sketch in even the outlines of the whole history of this great experiment. Therefore, I must ask my readers to be content with a glance at two or three of its subsequent stages. The first of these resulted from the improvement of the microscope. The second was the outcome of the discovery of oxygen and of the oxygen theory of respiration. The third and last remains still in embryo, and seems exceedingly unlikely to pass out of that stage.

Redi's experiment dealt quite conclusively with the facts known to biologists in the seventeenth century. It accounted for

all that can be seen by the naked eye. But the improvement of the microscope soon modified the problem by revealing the fact that flesh or other organic matter in a state of decay or fermentation is not, as Redi supposed, truly dead, but swarms with minute organisms of various kinds. This, of course, reopened the whole question, raised grave doubt as to the generality of Redi's conclusions, and led Father Needham, in the eighteenth century, to put the matter again to the test by making fresh experiments. Let us assume, said this naturalist, that Redi is right, that there is no life without antecedent life, and that these microscopic organisms which we find in all decaying matter are produced from eggs or germs. Then, since all the eggs or germs known to us can be deprived of their vitality by heat, it follows that if we apply heat to flesh or vegetable matter, we shall kill the germs, and the matter will become incapable of putrefaction, or, if it still decays, will produce none of these organisms which the microscope reveals.

Acting on this idea, Needham and others repeated Redi's classical experiment, using aqueous infusions in place of lumps of flesh, protecting these infusions from external sources of contamination far more carefully than their great predecessor, and heating them strongly before studying their behaviour. The results of these new experiments were contradictory. In the hands of Needham they did not support Redi's conclusions, for he found that, however carefully he made his experiments, the infusions decayed, and that minute organisms made their appearance sooner or later in every case. In short, Redi's hypothesis seemed to break down. Presently, however, the Abbé Spallanzani showed that Needham's experiments, though admirably conceived, had been ineffectively performed, and that organic infusions in no case produce animalcules if the vessels containing them are *sealed hermetically*—i.e. by melting their necks before the blow-pipe—and heated for at least forty-five minutes to the temperature of boiling water.

Spallanzani's research was a great victory for Italian science. It not only reasserted the validity of Redi's method, but showed how his experiment may be modified to meet the new conditions which had resulted from a century of progress. Moreover, Spallanzani's results gave the death-blow to the ingenious theory of Buffon, which at one time had a considerable vogue, that life is the peculiar characteristic of certain organic particles or groups; that the higher organisms of every grade are produced by the combining of these 'organic molecules,' as they were called;

that what we term death and decay consists in the breaking up of these temporary associations of organic particles, and that these particles, when they are liberated after the death of the organism, constitute the minute animalcules which the microscope invariably detects in decomposing infusions. Thus under the influence of Spallanzani the theory of biogenesis regained its sway, but only to be challenged once more when the progress of chemistry had revealed the importance of oxygen in relation to life, and shown its connection with the various fermentations and putrefactions.

It is characteristic of 'ferments,' such as yeast and the vinegar plant, that a little of one of them goes a very long way. In the case, for example, of alcoholic fermentation a single yeast cell, too small to be recognised by the naked eye, may be so used that it will suffice to convert cask upon cask of grape juice into wine; whilst, similarly, in the presence of air in sufficient quantities, a few almost invisible specks of the vinegar plant may be so applied as to transform all these casks of wine into vinegar. Now this significant fact was at first very difficult to understand, and the chemists, who came earliest in the field, endeavoured to explain it by an hypothesis suggested by the theory of catalysis. According to this hypothesis, which was strongly supported by Liebig, fermentations are a kind of 'contact action,' a morsel of the yeast or of the products of its decay being able to decompose particle after particle of sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid gas by mere contact, by a process similar to that by which black oxide of manganese causes chlorate of potash to give up its oxygen at a lower temperature than is required for decomposing the salt by heat alone.<sup>1</sup> Liebig considered that the processes by which animal and vegetable matter, from the smallest twig or insect to the largest oak or the remains of an elephant, is resolved into the simple inorganic compounds, carbonic acid gas, water, and ammonia, so that they become ready to nourish fresh generations of plants and animals, require, in order that they may occur, moisture and, at any rate at the initiatory stages, air. His idea being that 'by the contact of these organic compounds with the oxygen of the air, a process begins in the course of which their constituents suffer a total change in their properties,' so that after this contact 'the state of rest or equilibrium of the attractions which keeps the elements together has been disturbed in a particle

<sup>1</sup> I should mention that our knowledge of the nature of contact actions is very imperfect.

of the substance, and, as a consequence of this disturbance, a separation or new arrangement of the elements has been brought about.' 'The continuance of these processes, even when the oxygen, the original exciting cause of them, no longer acts, showing most clearly,' as he believed, 'that the state of decomposition which has been produced among the elements of a particle of the mass exerted an influence on the other particles which have not been in contact with the oxygen of the air; for not only the first particles, but, by degrees, all the rest undergo *the same change*.'

It is not possible to produce putrefaction in the case of all organic substances. Sugar and starch, for example, may be exposed to the air with impunity so long as no 'putrescible' matter is in contact with them. Therefore, Liebig divided organic substances into two classes—namely, those which, like sugar and starch, are subject to fermentation only when under the influence of a putrescible substance, and those which are themselves putrescible, such as white of egg, flesh, and the gluten of wheat, and the cause of fermentation in the other class. This was Liebig's chemical theory of fermentation, in which, as will be observed, the oxygen of the air played a leading part. This theory fitted in well with the fact that one usually finds in the juices of plants and in the fluids prepared by macerating flesh in water, plentiful supplies of substances belonging to both these classes.

Liebig was of opinion that the power of the ferments, or putrescent bodies, over those which are only fermentescible depends on a state or condition of the atoms of the former. He supposed that a ferment was able to disturb the equilibrium among the atoms of the molecules of such a substance as sugar, in virtue of the motions of the atoms of its own molecules; and, according to his teaching, it is the function of the oxygen of the air to start the internal movements which change a putrescible substance into one that is actually putrescent, *i.e.* into a ferment. Hence, on his view, the immediate cause of putrefaction and fermentation is the chemical action of the oxygen of the air. That is why exposure to air is a necessary preliminary part of a fermentive change. I should add that in Liebig's opinion fermentation was only the first stage in the process by which complex organic substances are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water, and ammonia; he held that the process as a whole was completed by decay, which he defined as 'a process of combustion taking place at common temperatures, in which the products of the fermentation and putrefaction of



plants and animal bodies combine gradually with the oxygen of the air.' But ingenious and even convincing as this theory seemed at one time, it did not resist for long the blows dealt by its opponents, and especially by Pasteur, the greatest among the recent upholders of the vitalistic hypothesis.

In 1680 Leeuwenhoek, when examining beer yeast with a microscope, observed the curious fact that it consists of small globules, and about a century and a half later Cagniard de la Tour, and afterwards others, discovered that these globules reproduce themselves by forming buds. This led them to conclude that yeast is not a mere chemical compound or mixture of chemical compounds, as till then had been supposed, but a vegetable organism, and that its action on alcohol results from the life processes of this organism. These observations and speculations may be regarded as the germ of the vitalistic theory as expounded by Pasteur in the nineteenth century.

As the result of a careful study of many separate fermentations, Pasteur succeeded in showing in a number of cases, that each fermentation, the alcoholic fermentation by which we produce wine, the acetous fermentation by which we produce vinegar, the lactic fermentation which gives lactic acid and so on, is so invariably associated with a particular organism that we find ourselves compelled to admit the existence of a connection between the organism and the fermentation. We cannot, it is true, prove that when a single yeast cell or other fermentive organism is sown in a suitable medium perfectly sterilised by heat, it does not carry with it a certain amount of decaying matter, and, therefore, we cannot disprove, by Pasteur's method, the contention of Liebig that 'putrescible matter' in contact with air is the true source of every fermentation. But as 'putrescible matter' alone, if sterilised, even when in contact with air (provided the latter is free from suspended particles), has never been shown to produce a fermentation in a perfectly sterilised fluid, this objection carries no weight. Consider the facts. If you place a few yeast cells together, perhaps, with certain non-living impurities which are attached to them, in a suitable saccharine solution, previously sterilised by heat, fermentation sets in, the yeast cells multiply and alcohol is produced; sterilise, *i.e.* kill, the yeast cells before you introduce them into the solution, and you get no fermentation and no alcohol. Can anyone seriously argue, in the face of such facts as these, that it is the accompanying impurity and not the yeast cells which causes



the fermentation? All the evidence which has been accumulated on the subject of fermentations supports Pasteur's contention, that where there is no organism there is no fermentation, and that each fermentation is associated with a particular organism, and can be produced at will by the introduction of that organism into a suitable nutrient substance. Not only do laboratory experiments support this view, but many important departments of human activity, such as brewing, vinegar making, and much of modern medical science are found to confirm the victory won, first, in the laboratory.

I must not omit to mention the fact that there are changes in many ways resembling fermentations which take place in the absence of living organisms, and that it remains to be proved whether the organised ferments act directly on the matter fermented, or indirectly by producing 'enzymes.' This subject has been more fully discussed in a previous article on 'Ferments and Fermentations.'

We must now return to our main thesis. The recognition of the fact that each fermentation is associated in some way with the life processes of a particular organism did not, it is true, afford an answer to the question—is life Biogenic or Abiogenic in its mode of origin? But Pasteur's researches made the 'Origin of Life' more interesting than ever. The subject was no longer merely academic. It had become a matter of practical importance, for the health and general well-being of man might, and, as we believe, do depend upon the soundness of our knowledge of the origin and functions of the lower organisms. No one realised this more thoroughly than Pasteur. 'He could not,' said his biographer, M. V. Radot, who wrote under his direct inspiration, 'proceed further with his researches on fermentations without first settling the question of "spontaneous generation."'

Pasteur's splendid contributions to the last great discussion on this subject appear to have owed their origin largely to the feeling mentioned above, which was stimulated perhaps by certain propositions made in 1860 by the Academy of Sciences, and by a lecture delivered in 1858 by a French naturalist, M. Pouchet, a supporter of the theory of abiogenesis, who, like Needham, stated the problem to be solved with intelligence and precision, but in carrying out his experiment left just one opening by which dust from the air gained admittance to the sterilised contents of his apparatus, and rendered his experiments inconclusive and, therefore, valueless.

Pouchet's conclusions were quickly overthrown by Pasteur, who repeated the work of Spallanzani with many refinements and variations, and not only confirmed the results of his distinguished predecessor, but, going further, showed that really sterile organic fluids may be exposed to direct contact with the air for hours, and indeed for days, at a time, provided that the air is pure germ-free air, such as that which blows over a glacier, or has been deprived of all suspended living particles by means of heat, or by filtration through cotton wool. He clinched the matter by examining the plugs of cotton wool, which had been used as air filters in his experiments, under the microscope. This revealed in them an abundance of minute organisms and their seeds or germs, and Pasteur conclusively established the character of these bodies by sowing them in the infusions he had previously sterilised by boiling; whereupon these infusions became even more productive of life than others simultaneously exposed to unfiltered air. It is interesting to add that at this stage Pasteur derived not a little support from Tyndall, who confirmed the great Frenchman's conclusions by showing that ordinary air is, as Huxley has expressed it, 'a sort of stirabout of minute solid particles which can be largely destroyed by heat,' and that these particles can be so completely removed by filtering the air through cotton wool, after the manner of Pasteur, that the air when so treated becomes optically pure—that is, invisible when a ray from a powerful lantern is passed through it.<sup>1</sup> A few years later, about 1877, Tyndall knocked in the last nail and removed the last doubt in the course of his well-known discussion with Dr. Charlton Bastian, by showing that though in the case of certain organic solutions a single heating does not always produce sterility, yet this can be absolutely secured by heating, cooling and reheating the liquid several times at suitable intervals. This precaution being necessary to ensure the destruction of the spores of the organisms, as these are not destroyed when heated to temperatures which easily kill the parent bacilli; a fact which was long overlooked, and led to not a little heated discussion, till Tyndall showed that this source of error could be removed by heating the liquid to be sterilised so as to destroy the fully developed organisms, allowing it to cool and remain for some time at a suitable temperature in order that the spores might in their turn develop into organisms, and then

<sup>1</sup> If you recall the effect of passing a beam of sunlight into the air of a darkened room, the above will, I think, become intelligible.

destroying the latter before they became mature and produced fresh spores.

If, now, we sum up what has been discovered since Redi made his famous experiment in 1670, we find: first, that if vegetable or animal infusions which have been completely devitalised by heat are exposed to atmospheric air, which also has been devitalised by heat, or carefully filtered through layers of cotton wool to remove from it every particle of solid matter, the air will produce no signs of life in the fluid, even after prolonged exposure. But that the same infusions on the admission of ordinary dust-laden air, or of fluids containing living organisms, rapidly produce abundant crops of living things. Secondly, that in numbers of cases the minute organisms which are associated with specific fermentations can be distinguished from one another in various ways, as, for example, by their appearance alone or in colonies when seen under the microscope, by the substances they produce when they are cultivated in suitable media,<sup>1</sup> by their physiological effects, and sometimes, again, by their colour. This, in brief, is the case of those who support the theory of biogenesis. It consists of a mass of facts very varied in their character which hold well together. On the other hand, it has to be admitted that from time to time organic fluids contained in flasks supposed to be hermetically sealed have exhibited signs of life after exposure to high temperatures for long periods. Concerning these cases it need only be said, first, that it is obviously unlikely that no one would ever fail in making experiments of this kind. Secondly, as we have seen, that in every great discussion, it has been shown, in the end, that the fluids used owed their fertility either to ineffective sterilising or to the admission of living matter through some unsuspected defect in the details of the experiment. At every stage the result has been the same. The experiments of Needham were shown to be untrustworthy by the more exact experiments of Spallanzani. The experiment of Pouchet, which for a moment seemed to reverse all previous decisions, was quickly shown to be defective by Pasteur; and in the great dispute between Tyndall and Charlton Bastian, thirty years ago, the latter fell before his distinguished opponent, because Tyndall was able, as Pasteur once expressed it, to show 'where the mice got in,' in the experiments on which Dr. Bastian

<sup>1</sup> For example, the yeast plant produces alcohol by fermenting sugar; the vinegar plant produces acetic acid in dilute alcohol. But these two do not exchange their special functions.

relied. Finally, Dr. Tyndall disposed of the most striking cases of this sort by his brilliant experiments in 1876 and 1877, when he introduced the method of intermittent sterilisation to which I have alluded on a previous page. Since those researches were published failures have become exceedingly rare except in the hands of beginners at this kind of work.

But if we accept the decision that the results of experiments justify us in concluding that no living organism arises in these days except as the descendant of a pre-existing organism, we must not, as Huxley reminded a previous generation, transform this decision into a dogma, or presume to assert definitely that no process of spontaneous generation of life has ever occurred in the past history of our earth, or that no such process ever will take place in the future. All we are justified in saying is this: that we have no solid grounds for believing that living matter has been produced from non-living matter in the laboratory up to this day.

And now, in conclusion, let us turn to the newspaper chronicles of a few months ago, when it was proclaimed, as from the housetops, that science, or rather 'a scientist,' if the expression may be excused, had at last discovered the origin of life, and inquire what all this pothor was about, and what is the real significance of the experiments, which most of us have read or heard about, with radium and sterilised bouillon.

Those of my readers who have followed me so far, and who have read the details of the recent experiments made by Mr. Burke, will not find it very difficult to decide for themselves how far the results of these experiments justify all that was said about them. They have only to ask themselves two or three simple questions, and to look for the answers in the facts of the case.

Does it appear that anyone has prepared from sterilised bouillon by the action of radium, or in any other way, living organisms capable of multiplying either by repeated subdivision or by means of spores, or capable of producing definite fermentive changes such as those which we associate with so many of the organisms hitherto investigated? The answer jumps straight to the lips. No such discovery has been recorded; nor has anything been observed which would justify us in supposing that we are on the verge of making such a discovery at the present moment. The fact is, that though much has been written, and among other things quite a big book, very little has really been accomplished up to the present. A few preliminary experiments suggested by the marvellous qualities of

radium have been made, and that is all. These experiments and their results, which are not at all revolutionary, may be described in half a dozen sentences. Mr. Burke finds that when small quantities of radium bromide (or chloride) are scattered on the surface of carefully sterilised bouillon, well protected from the air in closed vessels, minute objects appear in the bouillon after one or two days. These objects have been watched, and Mr. Burke reports that after their first appearance they develop into two dots; next, present the appearance of dumb-bells, and subsequently of biscuits; afterwards take on forms which remind an observer of frog's spawn, and, finally, divide, lose their individuality and become transformed into minute crystals. These bodies, which Mr. Burke very prematurely describes as 'cultures,' do not multiply, as living organisms should do, when they are transferred to fresh tubes of sterilised bouillon, though, as might be expected, they give some slight evidence that the activity of the radium salt is not quite exhausted by its first action, and they are soluble in water. Now it would be dogmatic to say that radium will not generate life in organic matter, but, clearly, Mr. Burke gives us little or no reason to suspect that it does so, at present. It would be unreasonable to assert that the experiments made by Mr. Burke were not worth trying, though, to most of us, they must appear not a little 'mad,' in the sense in which Sir William Ramsay used that word in a recent letter to 'Nature,' and the observer of these phenomena does not himself, in his book, claim that he has produced life *de novo* in his test tubes, though he labels the objects he has studied with the misleading name of radiobes, and contends that by their discovery he has done something to bridge the gap between the living and non-living forms of matter. It is probable that very few would admit that even this latter contention can be seriously considered on the evidence before us, and thus there is no reason to excite ourselves overmuch about Mr. Burke's observations at present. A 'mad' experiment is all very well, but there must be method in our madness; and in interpreting the results of 'mad' experiments, and of all experiments, we must never forget the story of the Emperor's New Clothes. Up to the present Mr. Burke's results teach no clear lesson. They convey no new knowledge about the origin of life. We stand to-day just where we stood a couple of years ago, and we must by no means shut our eyes to this fact.

W. A. SHENSTONE.

FRÄULEIN SCHMIDT AND MR. ANSTRUTHER.<sup>1</sup>

BEING THE LETTERS OF AN INDEPENDENT WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF  
'ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN.'

## I.

Jena, Nov. 6th.

DEAR ROGER,—This is only to tell you that I love you, supposing you should have forgotten it by the time you get to London. The letter will follow you by the train after the one you left by, and you will have it with your breakfast the day after to-morrow. Then you will be eating the marmalade Jena could not produce, and you'll say, 'What a very indiscreet young woman to write first.' But look at the Dear Roger, and you'll see I'm not so indiscreet after all. What could be more sober? And you've no idea of all the nice things I could have put instead of that, only I wouldn't. It is a most extraordinary thing that this time yesterday we were on the polite-conversation footing, you, in your beautiful new German, carefully calling me *gnädiges Fräulein* at every second breath, and I making appropriate answers to the Mr. Anstruther who in one bewildering hour turned for me into Dear Roger. Did you always like me so much?—I mean, love me so much? My spirit is rather unbendable as yet to the softnesses of these strange words, stiff for want of use, so forgive a tendency to go round them. Don't you think it is very wonderful that you should have been here a whole year, living with us, seeing me every day, practising your German on me—oh, wasn't I patient?—and never have shown the least sign that I could see of thinking of me or of caring for me at all except as a dim sort of young lady who assisted her stepmother in the work of properly mending and feeding you? And then an hour ago, just one hour by that absurd cuckoo-clock here in this room where we said good-bye, you suddenly turned into something marvellous, splendid, soul-thrilling—well, into Dear Roger. It is so funny that I've been laughing, and so sweet that I've been crying. I'm so happy

<sup>1</sup> Copyright in the United States of America, 1906.



that I can't help writing, though I do think it rather gushing—loathsome word—to write first. But then you strictly charged me not to tell a soul yet, and how can I keep altogether quiet? You, then, my poor Roger, must be the one to listen. Do you know what Jena looks like to-night? It is the most dazzling place in the world, radiant with promise, shining and dancing with all sorts of little lovely lights that I know are only the lamps being lit in people's rooms down the street, but that look to me extraordinarily like stars of hope come out, in defiance of nature and fog, to give me a glorious welcome. You see, I'm new, and they know it. I'm not the Rose-Marie they've twinkled down on from the day I was born till to-night. She was a dull person: a mere ordinary, dull person, climbing doggedly up the rows of hours each day set before her, doggedly doing certain things she was told were her daily duties, equally doggedly circumventing certain others, and actually supposing she was happy. Happy? She was not. She was most wretched. She was blind and deaf. She was asleep. She was only half a woman. What is the good or the beauty of anything, alive or dead, in the world, that has not fulfilled its destiny? And I never saw that before. I never saw a great many things before. I am amazed at the suddenness of my awaking. Love passed through this house to-day, this house that other people think is just the same dull place it was yesterday, and behold—well, I won't grow magnificent, and it is what you do if you begin a sentence with Behold. But really there's a splendour—oh well. And as for this room where you—where I—where we—well, I won't grow sentimental either, though now I know, I who always scoffed at it, how fatally easy a thing it is to be. That is, supposing one has had great provocation; and haven't I? Oh, haven't I?

I had got as far as that when your beloved Professor Martens came in, very much agitated because he had missed you at the station, where he had been to give you a send-off. And what do you think he said? He said, why did I sit in this dreary hole without a lamp, and why didn't I draw the curtains, and shut out the fog and drizzle. Fog and drizzle? It really seemed too funny. Why, the whole sky is shining. And as for the dreary hole—gracious heavens, is it possible that just being old made him not able to feel how the air of the room was still quivering with all you said to me, with all the sweet, wonderful, precious things you said to me? The place was full of you. And there



was your darling coffee-cup still where you had put it down, and the very rug we stood on still all ruffled up.

'I think it's a glorious hole,' I couldn't help saying.

'*De gustibus*,' said he indulgently; and he stretched himself in the easy-chair—the one you used to sit in—and said he should miss young Anstruther.

'Shall you?' said I.

'Fräulein Rose-Marie,' said he solemnly, 'he was a most intelligent young man. Quite the most intelligent young man I have ever had here.'

'Really?' said I, smiling all over my silly face.

And so of course you were, or how would you ever have found out that I—well, that I'm not wholly unlovable?

Yours quite, quite truly,

R.-M.

## II.

Jena, Nov. 7th.

DEAR ROGER,—You left on Tuesday night—that's yesterday—and you'll get to London on Thursday morning—that's to-morrow—and first you'll want to wash yourself, and have breakfast—please notice my extreme reasonableness—and it will be about eleven before you are able to begin to write to me. I shan't get the letter till Saturday, and to-day is only Wednesday, so how can I stop myself from writing to you again, I should like to know? I simply can't. Besides, I want to tell you all the heaps of important things I would have told you yesterday, if there had been time when you asked me in that amazing sudden way if I'd marry you.

Do you know I'm poor? Of course you do. You couldn't have lived with us a year and not seen by the very sort of puddings we have that we are poor. Do you think that anybody who can help it would have *dicker Reis* three times a week? And then if we were not, my stepmother would never bother to take in English young men who want to study German; she would do quite different sorts of things, and we should have different sorts of puddings,—proud ones, with *Schlagsahne* on their tops—and two servants instead of one, and I would never have met you. Well, you know then that we are poor; but I don't believe you know *how* poor. When girls here marry, their parents give them, as a matter-of-course, house-linen enough to last them all their lives, furniture

enough to furnish all their house, clothes enough for several generations, and so much a year besides. Then, greatly impoverished, they spend the evenings of their days doing without things and congratulating themselves on having married off their daughter. The man need give only himself. You've heard that my own mother, who died ten years ago, was English? Yes, I remember I told you that, when you were so much surprised at what you called, in politest German, my colossally good English. From her I know that people in England do not buy their son-in-law's carpets and saucepans, but confine their helpfulness to suggesting Maple. It is the husband, they think, who should, like the storks of the Fatherland, prepare and beautify the nest for the wife. If the girl has money, so much the better; but if she has not, said my mother, it doesn't put an absolute stop to her marrying.

Here, it does; and I belong here. My mother had some money, or my father would never have let himself fall in love with her—I believe you can nip these things in the bud if you see the bud in time—and you know my father is not a mercenary man; he only, like the rest of us, could not get away altogether from his bringing-up and the points of view he had been made to stare from ever since he stared at all. It was a hundred a year (pounds, thank heaven, not marks), and it is all we have except what he gets for his books, when he does get anything, which is never, and what my stepmother has, which is an annuity of a hundred and fifty pounds. So the hundred a year will be the whole sum of my riches, for I have no aunts. What I want you to consider is the awfulness of marrying a woman absolutely without saucepans. Not a single towel will she be able to add to your linen-room, not a single pot to your kitchen. All Jena when it hears of it will say, 'Poor, infatuated young man,' and if I had sisters all England would refuse in future to send its sons to my stepmother. Why, if you were making a decently suitable marriage do you suppose your *Braut* would have to leave off writing to you at this point, in the very middle of luminous prophecy, and hurry into the kitchen and immerse herself in the preparation of potato soup? Yet that is exactly what your *Braut*, who has caught sight of the clock, is about to do. So good-bye.

Your poor, but infinitely honest

R.-M.

See how wise and practical I am to-day. I believe my letter

last night was rather aflame. Now comes morning with its pails of cold water, and drenches me back into discretion. Thank God, say I, for mornings.

## III.

Jena, Nov. 8th.

DEAR ROGER,—I can't leave you alone, you see. I must write. But though I must write you need not read. Last night I was seized with misgivings—awful things for a hitherto placid Fräulein to be seized with—and I wrestled with them all night, and they won. So now, in the calm frostiness of the early morning atmosphere, I wish to inquire very seriously, very soberly, whether you have not made a mistake. In one sense, of course, you have. It is absurd, from a worldly point of view, for you to marry me. But I mean more than that: I mean, have you not mistaken your own feelings, been hurled into the engagement by impulsiveness, by, if you choose, some spell I may unconsciously have put upon you? If you have even quite a faint misgiving about what you really feel for me, tell me—oh tell me straight and plainly, and we will both rub out that one weak hour with a sponge well soaked in common sense. It would not hurt so much, I think, now as it might later on. Up to last night, since you left, I've been walking on air. It is a most pleasant form of exercise, as perhaps you know. You not only walk on air, but you walk in what seems to be an arrested sunset, a bath of liquid gold, breathing it, touching it, wrapped in it. It really is most pleasant. Well, I did that till last night; then came my stepmother, and catching at my flying feet pulled them down till they got to the painted deal floors of Rauchgasse 5, Jena, and once having got there, stuck there. Observe, I speak in images. My stepmother, so respectable, so solidly Christian, would not dream of catching hold of anybody's feet and spoiling their little bit of happiness. Quite unconsciously she blew on that glow of sunset in which I was flying, and it went out with the promptness and completeness of a tallow candle, and down came Rose-Marie with a thud. Yes, I did come down with a thud. You will never be able to pretend, however much you try, that I'm one of your fairy little women that can be lifted about, and dandled, and sugared with dainty diminutives, will you? Facts are things that are best faced. I stand five feet ten without my heels, and when I fall I do it with a thud. Said my stepmother, then, after supper, when Johanna

had cleared the last plate away, and we were sitting alone—my father is not back yet from Weimar—she on one side of the table, I on the other, the lamp in the middle, your chair gaping empty, she, poor herself, knitting wool into warmth for the yet poorer at Christmas, I mending the towels you helped to wear out, while my spirit soared and made a joyful noise somewhere far away, up among angels and archangels and other happy beings,—said my stepmother, ‘Why do you look so pleased?’

Slightly startled, I explained that I looked pleased because I was pleased.

‘But nothing has happened,’ said my stepmother, examining me over her spectacles. ‘You have been nowhere to-day, and not seen anyone, and the dinner was not at all good.’

‘For all that I’m pleased. I don’t need to go somewhere or see someone to be pleased. I can be it quite by myself.’

‘Yes, you are blest with a contented nature, that is true,’ said my stepmother with a sigh, knitting faster. You remember her sighs, don’t you? They are always to me very unaccountable. They come in such odd places. Why should she sigh because I have a contented nature? Ought she not rather to rejoice? But the extremely religious people I have known have all sighed an immense deal. Well, I won’t probe into that now, though I rather long to.

‘I suppose it’s because it has been a fine day,’ I said, foolishly going on explaining to a person already satisfied.

My stepmother looked up sharply. ‘But it has not been fine at all, Rose-Marie,’ she said. ‘The sun has not appeared once all day.’

‘What?’ said I, for a moment genuinely surprised. I couldn’t help being happy, and I don’t believe really happy people are ever in the least aware that the sun is not shining. ‘Oh well,’ I hurried on, ‘perhaps not an Italian blue sky, but still mild, and very sweet, and November always smells of violets, and that’s another thing to be pleased about.’

‘Violets?’ echoed my stepmother, who dislikes all talk about things one can neither eat nor warm oneself with nor read about in the Bible. ‘Do you not miss Mr. Anstruther,’ she asked, getting off such flabbinesses as quickly as she could, ‘with whom you were so constantly talking?’

Of course I jumped. But I said ‘Yes,’ quite naturally, I think.

It was then that she pulled me down by the feet to earth.

'He has a great future before him,' she said. 'A young man so clever, so good-looking, and so well-connected may rise to anything. Martens tells me he has the most brilliant prospects. He will be a great ornament to the English diplomatic service. Martens says his father's hopes are all centred on this only son. And as he has very little money and much will be required, Roger,'—she said it indeed—'is to marry as soon as possible, someone who will help him in every way, some one as wealthy as she is well-born.'

I murmured something suitable; I think a commendation of the plan as prudent.

'No one could help liking Roger,' she went on—Roger, do you like being Rogered?—'and my only fear is, and Martens fears it too, that he will entangle himself with some undesirable girl. Then he is ruined. There would be no hope for him.'

'But why——' I began; then suffocated a moment behind a towel. 'But why,' I said again, gasping, 'should he?'

'Well, let us hope he will not. I fear, though, he is soft. Still, he has steered safely through a year often dangerous to young men. It is true his father could not have sent him to a safer place than my house. You so sensible——' oh Roger!—'Besides being arrived at an age when serious and practical thoughts replace the foolish sentimentalness of earlier years,'—oh Roger, I'm twenty-five, and not a single one of my foolish sentimentalnesses has been replaced by anything at all. Do you think there is hope for me? Do you think it is very bad to feel exactly the same, just exactly as calf-like now as I did at fifteen?—'so that under my roof,' went on my stepmother, 'he has been perfectly safe. It would have been truly deplorable if his year in Germany had saddled him with a German wife from a circle beneath his own, a girl who had caught his passing fancy by youth and prettiness, and who would have spent the rest of her life dragging him down, an ever-present punishment with a faded face.'

She is eloquent, isn't she? Eloquent with the directness that instinctively finds out one's weak spots and aims straight at them. 'Luckily,' she concluded, 'there are no pretty faces in Jena just now.'

Then I held a towel up before my own, before my ignominious face, excluded by a most excellent critic from the category pretty, and felt as though I would hide it for ever in stacks of mending,

in tubs of soup, in everything domestic and drudging and appropriate. But some of the words you rained down on me on Tuesday night between all those kisses came throbbing through my head, throbbing with great throbs through my whole body—Roger, did I hear wrong, or were they not ‘Lovely—lovely—lovely’? And always kisses between, and always again that ‘Lovely—lovely—lovely’? Where am I getting to? Perhaps I had better stop.

R.-M.

#### IV.

Jena, Nov. 12th.

DEAREST of Living Creatures, the joy your dear, dear letters gave me! You should have seen me seize the postman. His very fingers seemed rosy-tipped as he gave me the precious things. Two of them—two love-letters all at once. I could hardly bear to open them, and put an end to the wonderful moment. The first one, from Frankfurt, was so sweet—oh, so unutterably sweet—that I did sit gloating over the unbroken envelope of the other for at least five minutes, luxuriating, purring. I found out exactly where your hand must have been, by the simple process of getting a pen and pretending to write the address where you had written it, and then spent another five minutes most profitably kissing the place. Perhaps I ought not to tell you this, but there shall be no so-called maidenly simperings between you and me, no pretences, no affectations. If it was silly to kiss that blessed envelope, and silly to tell you that I did, why then I was silly, and there’s an end of it.

Do you know that my mother’s maiden name was Watson? Well, it was. I feel bound to tell you this, for it seems to add to my ineligibleness, and my duty plainly is to take you all round that and expatiate on it from every point of view. What has the grandson of Lord Grasmere—you never told me of Lord G. before, by the way—to do with the granddaughter of Watson? I don’t even rightly know what Watson was. He was always for me an obscure and rather awful figure, shrouded in mystery. Of course Papa could tell me about him, but as he never has, and my mother rarely mentioned him, I fancy he was not anything I should be proud of. Do not, then, require of me that I shall tear the veil from Watson.

And of course your mother was handsome. How dare you doubt it? Look in the glass and be grateful to her. You know,



though you may only have come within the spell of what you so sweetly call my darling brown eyes during the last few weeks, I fell a victim to your darling blue ones in the first five minutes. And how great was my joy when I discovered that your soul so exactly matched your outside. Your mother had blue eyes, too, and was very tall, and had an extraordinarily thoughtful face. Look, I tell you, in the glass, and you'll see she had; for I refuse to believe that your father, a man who talks port wine and tomatoes the whole of the first meal he has with his only son after a year's separation, is the parent you are like. Heavens, how I shake when I think of what will happen when you tell him about me. 'Sir,' he'll say, in a voice of thunder—or don't angry English parents call their sons 'sir' any more? Anyhow, they still do in books—'Sir, you are far too young to marry. Young men of twenty-five do not do such things. The lady, I conclude, will provide the income?'

Roger, rushing to the point: She hasn't a *Pfenning*.

Incensed Parent: *Pfenning*, sir? What, am I to understand she's a German?

Roger, dreadfully frightened: Please.

I. P., forcing himself to be calm: Who is this young person?

Roger: Fräulein Schmidt, of Jena.

I. P., now of a horrible calmness: And who, pray, is Fräulein Schmidt of Jena?

Roger, pale but brave: The daughter of old Schmidt, in whose house I boarded. Her mother was English. She was a Watson.

I. P.: Sir, oblige me by going to the——

Roger goes.

Seriously, I think something of the sort will happen. I don't see how it can help giving your father a dreadful shock; and suppose he gets ill, and his blood is on my head? I can't see how it is to be avoided. There is nothing to recommend me to him. He'll know I'm poor. He'll doubt if I'm respectable. He won't even think me pretty. You might tell him that I can cook, darn, manage as well as the thriftiest of *Hausfraus*, and I believe it would leave him cold. You might dwell on my riper age as an advantage, say I have lived down the first fevers of youth—I never had them—say, if he objects to it, that Eve was as old as Adam when they started life in their happy garden, and yet they got on very well, say that I'm beautiful as an angel, or so plain that I am of necessity sensible, and he'll only answer 'Fool.' Do you



see anything to be done? I don't; but I'm too happy to bother.

Later.

I had to go and help get supper ready. Johanna had let the fire out, and it took rather ages. Why do you say you feel like screaming when you think of me wrestling with Johanna? I tell you I'm so happy that nothing any Johanna can do or leave undone in the least affects me. I go about the house on tiptoe; I am superstitious, and have an idea that all sorts of little envious Furies are lying about in dusty corners asleep, put to sleep by you, and that if I don't move very delicately I shall wake them—

O Freude, habe Acht,

Sprich leise, dass nicht der Schmerz erwacht. . . .

That's not Goethe. By the way, *poor* Goethe. What an unforeseen result of a year in the City of the Muses, half an hour's journey from the Ilm Athens itself, that you should pronounce his poetry coarse, obvious, and commonplace. What would Papa say if he knew? Probably that young Anstruther is not the intelligent young man he took him for. But then Papa is soaked in Goethe, and the longer he soaks the more he adores him. In this faith, in this Goethe-worship, I have been brought up, and cannot, I'm afraid, get rid of it all at once. It is even possible that I never shall, in spite of London and you. Will you love me less if I don't? Always I have thought Goethe uninspired. The Muse never seized and shook him till divinenesses dropped off his pen without his knowing how or whence, divinenesses like those you find sometimes in the pages of lesser men, lesser all-round men, stamped with the unmistakable stamp of heavenly birth. Goethe knew *very* well, very exactly, where each of his sentences had come from. But I don't see that his poetry is either of the three things you say. I'm *afraid* it is not the last two, for the world would grow very interesting if thinking and writing as he did were so obvious that we all did it. As to its being coarse, I'm incurably incapable of seeing coarseness in things. To me

All is clean for ever and ever.

Everything is natural and everything is clean, except for the person who is afraid it isn't. Perhaps, dear Roger, you won't, as Papa says, quite apprehend my meaning; if you cannot, please

console yourself with the reflection that probably I haven't got one.

What you say about the money you'll have dazzles me. Why, it's a fortune. We shall be richer than our *Bürgermeister*. You never told me you were so rich. Five hundred pounds a year is ten thousand marks; nearly double what we have always lived on, and we've really been quite comfortable, now haven't we? But think of our glory when my hundred pounds is added, and we have an income of twelve thousand marks. The *Bürgermeister* will be utterly eclipsed. And I'm such a good manager. You'll see how we'll live. You'll grow quite fat. I shall give you lovely food; and Papa says that lovely food is the one thing that ever really makes a man give himself the trouble to rise up and call his wife blessed.

It is so late. Good-night.

R.-M.

Don't take my Goethe-love from me. I know simply masses of him, and can't let him go. My mind is decked out with him as a garden is decked with flowers. Now isn't that pretty? Or is it only silly? Anyhow it's dreadfully late. Good-night.

## V.

Jena, Nov. 13th.

No letter from you to-day. I am afraid you are being worried, and because of me. Here am I, quiet and cheerful, nobody bothering me, and your dear image in my heart to warm every minute of life; there are you, being forced to think things out, to make plans for the future, decide on courses of action, besides having to pass exams. and circumvent a parent whom I gather you regard as refractory. How lucky I am in my dear father. If I could have chosen, I would have chosen him. Never has he been any trouble. Never does he bore me. Never am I forced to criticisms. He knows that I have no brains, and has forgiven me. I know he hasn't much common-sense, and have forgiven him. We spend our time spoiling and petting and loving each other—do you remember how you sometimes laughed?

But I wish you were not worried. It is all because I'm so ineligible. If I could come to you with a pot of money in each

hand, turned by an appreciative ruler into Baroness von Schmidt, with a Papa in my train weighed down by Orders, and the road behind me black with carts containing clothes, your father would be merciful unto us and bless us. As things are, you are already being punished, you have already begun to pay the penalty for that one little hour's happiness; and it won't be quite paid ever, not so long as we both shall live. Do you, who think so much, ever think of the almost indecent haste with which punishments hurry in the wake of joys? They really seem to tumble over one another in their eagerness each to get there first. You took me to your heart, told me you loved me, asked me to be your wife. Was it so wrong? So wrong to let oneself go to happiness for those few moments that one should immediately be punished? My father will not let me believe anything. He says—when my stepmother is not listening; when she is he doesn't—that belief is not faith, and you can't believe if you do not know. But he cannot stop my silently believing that the Power in whose clutches we are is an amazing disciplinarian, a relentless grudger of joys. And what pitiful small joys they are, after all. Pitiful little attempts of souls doomed to eternal solitude to put out feelers in the dark, to get close to each other, to touch each other, to try to make each other warm. Now I am growing lugubrious; I who thought never to be lugubrious again. And at ten o'clock on a fine November morning, of all times in the world.

Papa comes back from Weimar to-day. There has been a prolonged meeting there of local lights about the damage done by some Goth to the Shakespeare statue in the park; and though Papa is not a light, still he did burn with indignation over that, and has been making impassioned speeches, and suggesting punishments for the Goth when they shall have caught him. I think I shall go over by the two o'clock train and meet him and bring him home, and look in at Goethe's sponge on the way. You know how the little black thing lies in his bedroom there, next to a basin not much bigger than a breakfast-cup. With this he washed and was satisfied. And whenever I feel depressed, out of countenance with myself and life, I go and look at it and come home cheered and strengthened. I wonder if you'll be able to make out why? Bless you my dearest.

R.-M.

## VI.

Jena, Nov. 14th.

THAT sponge had no effect yesterday. I stared and stared at it, and it only remained a sponge, far too small for the really cleanly, instead of what it has up to now been, the starting-point for a train of thrilling, enthusiastic thoughts. I'm an unbalanced creature. Do you divide your time too, I wonder, between knocking your head against the stars and, in some freezing depth of blackness, listening to your heart, how it will hardly beat for fear? Of course you don't. You are much too clever. And then you have been educated, trained, taught to keep your thoughts within bounds, and not let them start off every minute on fresh and aimless wanderings. Yet the star-knocking is so wonderful that I believe I would rather freeze the whole year round for one hour of it than go back again to the changeless calm, the winter-afternoon sunshine, in which I used to sit before I knew you. All this only means that you have not written. See how variously one can state a fact.

I have run away from the sitting-room and the round table and the lamp, because Papa and my stepmother had begun to discuss you again, your prospects, your probable hideous fate if you were not prudent, your glorious career if you were. I felt guilty, wounded, triumphant, vain, all at once. Papa, of course, was chiefly the listener. He agreed; or at most he temporised. I tell you, Roger, I am amazed at the power a woman has over her husband if she is in every way inferior to him. It is not only that, as we say, *der Klügere giebt nach*, it is the daily complete victory of the coarser over the finer, the rough over the gentle, the ignorant over the wise. My stepmother is an uneducated person, shrewd about all the things that do not matter, unaware of the very existence of the things that do, ready to be charitable, helpful, where the calamity is big enough, wholly unsympathetic, even antagonistic, towards all those many small calamities that make up one's years; the sort of woman parsons praise, and who get tombstones put over them at last peppered with frigid adjectives like virtuous and just. Did you ever chance to live with a just person? They are very chilling, and not so rare as one might suppose. And Papa, laxest, most tolerant of men, so lax that nothing seems to him altogether bad, so tolerant that nobody, however hard he

tries, can pass, he thinks, beyond the reach of forgiveness and love, so humorous that he has to fight continually to suppress it, for humour lands one in odd morasses of dislike and misconception here, married her a year after my mother died, and did it wholly for my sake. Imagine it. She was to make me happy. Imagine that too. I was not any longer to be a solitary *Backfisch*, with holes in her stockings and riotous hair. There came a painful time when Papa began to suspect that the roughness of my hair might conceivably be a symbol of the dishevelment of my soul. Neighbouring matrons pointed out the possibility to him. He took to peering anxiously at unimportant parts of me such as my nails, and was startled to see them often black. He caught me once or twice red-eyed in corners, when it had happened that the dear ways and pretty looks of my darling mother had come back for a moment with extra vividness. He decided that I was both dirty and wretched, and argued, I am sure during sleepless nights, that I would probably go on being dirty and wretched for ever. And so he put on his best clothes one day, and set out doggedly in search of a wife.

He found her quite easily, in a house in the next street. She was making doughnuts, for it was the afternoon of New Year's Eve. She had just taken them out of the oven, and they were obviously successful. Papa loves doughnuts. His dinner had been uneatable. The weather was cold. She took off her apron, and piled them on a dish, and carried them, scattering fragrance as they went, into the sitting-room; and the smell of them was grateful; and they were very hot.

Papa came home engaged. 'I am not as a rule in favour of second marriages, Rose-Marie,' he began, breaking the news to me with elaborate art.

'Oh, horrid things,' I remarked, my arm round his neck, my face against his, for even then I was as tall as he. You know how he begins abruptly about anything that happens to cross his mind, so I was not surprised.

He rubbed his nose violently. 'I never knew anybody with such hair as yours for tickling a person,' he said, trying to push it back behind my ears. Of course it would not go. 'Would it do that,' he added suspiciously, 'if it were properly brushed?'

'I don't know. Well, *Papachen*?'

'Well what?'

'About second marriages.'

He had forgotten, and he started. In an instant I knew. I took my arm away quickly, but put it back again just as quickly and pressed my face still closer: it was better we should not see each other's eyes while he told me.

'I am not, as a rule, in favour of them,' he repeated, when he had coughed and tried a second time to induce my hair to go behind my ears, 'but there are cases where they are—imperative.'

'Which ones?'

'Why, if a man is left with little children, for instance.'

'Then he engages a good nurse.'

'Or his children run wild.'

'Then he gets a severe aunt to live with him.'

'Or they grow up.'

'Then they take care of themselves.'

'Or he is an old man left with, say, one daughter.'

'Then she would take care of him.'

'And who would take care of her, Rose-Marie?'

'He would.'

'And if he is an incapable? An old person totally unable to notice lapses from convention, from social customs? If no one is there to tell her how to dress and how to behave? And she is growing up, and yet remains a barbarian, and the day is not far distant when she must go out, and he knows that when she does go out Jena will be astounded.'

'Does the barbarian live in Jena?'

'My dear, she is universal. Wherever there is a widower with an only female child, there she is.'

'But if she had been happy?'

'But she had not been happy. She used to cry.'

'Oh, of course she used to cry sometimes, when she thought more than usual of her sweet—of her sweet—— But for all that she had been happy, and so had he. Why, you know he had. Didn't she look after him, and keep house for him? Didn't she cook for him? Not very beautifully, perhaps, but still she did cook, and there was dinner every day. Didn't she go to market three times a week, and taste all the butter? Didn't she help to do the rooms? And in the evenings weren't they happy together, with nobody to worry them? And then, when he missed his darling wife, didn't the barbarian always know he was doing it, and come and sit on his knee, and kiss him, and make up for it? Didn't she? Now didn't she?'

Papa unwound himself, and walked up and down with a desperate face.

'Girls of sixteen must learn how to dress and to behave. A father cannot show them that,' he said.

'But they do dress and behave.'

'Rose-Marie, unmended stockings are not dressing. And to talk to a learned stranger well advanced in years with the freedom of his equal in age and knowledge, as I saw one doing lately, is not behaving.'

'Oh papa, she wouldn't do that again, I'm certain.'

'She wouldn't have done it that once if she had had a mother.'

'But the poor wretch hadn't got a mother.'

'Exactly. A mother, therefore, must be provided.'

Here, I remember, there was a long pause. Papa walked, and I watched him in despair. Despair, too, was in his own face. He had had time to forget the doughnuts, and how cold he had been, and how hungry. So shaken was I that I actually suggested the engagement of a finishing governess to finish that which had never been begun, pointing out that she, at least, having finished would go; and he said he could not afford one; and he added the amazing statement that a wife was cheaper.

Well, I suppose she has been cheap: that is she has made one of Papa's marks go as far as two of other people's; but oh how expensive she has been in other ways! She has ruined us in such things as freedom, and sweetness, and light. You know the sort of talk here at meals. I wish you could have heard it before her time. She has such a strong personality that somehow we have always followed her lead; and Papa, who used to bubble out streams of gaiety when he and I sat untidily on either side of a tureen of horrible bad soup, who talked of all things under heaven, and with undaunted audacity of many things in it, and who somehow put a snap and a sparkle into whatever he said, sits like a schoolboy invited to a meal at his master's, eager to agree, anxious to give satisfaction. The wax cloth on the table is clean and shiny; the spoons are bright; a cruet with clear oil and nice-looking vinegar stands in the midst; the food, though simple, is hot and decent; we are quite comfortable; and any of the other Jena *Hausfraus* coming in during a meal would certainly cry out *Wie gemüthlich*. But of what use is it to be whitewashed and trim outside, to have pleasant creepers and tidy shutters, when inside one's soul wanders through empty rooms, mournfully shivers in



damp and darkness, is hungry and no one brings it food, is cold and no one lights a fire, is miserable and tired and there's not a chair to sit on ?

Why I write all this I can't think ; except that I feel as if I were talking to you. You must tell me if I bore you. When I begin a letter to you the great difficulty is to leave off again. Oh how warm it makes one feel to know that there is one person in the world to whom one is everything. A lover is the most precious, the most marvellous possession. No wonder people like having them. And I used to think that so silly. Heavens, what an absurd person I have been. Why, love is the one thing worth having. Everything else, talents, work, arts, religion, learning, the whole *tremblement*, are so many drugs with which the starved, the loverless, try to dull their pangs, to put themselves to sleep. Good-night, and God bless you a thousand times. R.-M.

## VII.

Jena, Nov. 15th, 11 p.m.

DEAREST,—Your letter came this afternoon. How glad I was to get it. And I do think it a good idea to go down into the country to those Americans before your exam. Who knows but they may, by giving you peace at the right moment, be the means of making you pass extra brilliantly ? That you should not pass at all is absolutely out of the question. Why have the gods showered gifts on you if not for the proper passing of exams. ? For I suppose in this as in everything else there are different ways, ways of excellence and mediocrity. I know which way yours will be. If only the presence of my spirit by your side on Saturday could be of use. But that's the worst of spirits : they never seem to be the least good unless they take their bodies with them. Yet mine burns so hotly when I am thinking of you—and when am I not thinking of you ?—that I feel as if you actually must feel the glow of it as it follows you about. How strange and dreadful love is. Till you know it, you are so sure the world is very good and pleasant up in those serene, frost-bitten regions where you stand alone, breathing the thin air of family affection, shone upon gently by the mild and misty sun of general esteem. Then comes love, and pulls you down. For isn't it a descent ? Isn't it ? Somehow, though it is so great a glory, it's a coming-down as well—down from the pride of absolute independence of body and soul,

down from the high-mightiness of indifference, to something fierce, and hot, and consuming. Oh, I daren't tell you how little of serenity I have left. At first, just at first, I didn't feel like this. I think I was stunned. My soul seemed to stand still. Surely it was extraordinary, that tempestuous crossing from the calm of careless friendship to the place where love dashes madly against the rocks? Don't laugh at my images. I'm in deadly earnest to-night. I do feel that love hurts. I do feel as if I'd been thrown on to rocks, left by myself on them to come slowly to my senses and find I am lying alone in a new and burning sun. It's an exquisite sort of pain, but it's very nearly unbearable. You see, you are so far away. And I, I'm learning for the first time in my life what it means, that saying about eating out one's heart.

R.-M.

### VIII.

Jena, Nov. 16th, 9 a.m.

REALLY, my dear Roger, nicest of all *Bräutigams*, pleasantest, best, and certainly most charming, I don't think I'll write to you again in the evenings. One of those hard clear hours that lie round breakfast-time will be the most seemly for consecration to you. Moods are such queer things, each one so distinct and real, so seemingly eternal, and I am influenced by them to an extraordinary degree. The weather, the time of day, the light in the room—yes, actually the light in the room, sunlight, cloudlight, lamplight—the scent of certain flowers, the sound of certain voices—the instant my senses become aware of either of these things I find myself flung into the middle of a fresh mood. And the worst part of it is the blind enthusiasm with which I am sure that as I think and feel at that moment so will I think and feel for ever. Nothing cures me. No taking of myself aside, no weight of private admonishment, no bringing of my spirit within the white glare of pure reason. Oh, women are fools; and of all fools the most complete is myself. But that's not what I want to talk about. I want to say that I had to go to a *Kaffee-Klatsch* yesterday at four, which is why I put off answering your letter of the 13th till the evening. My dear Roger, you must take no notice of that letter. Pray think of me as a young person of sobriety; collected, discreet, cold to frostiness. Think of me like that, my dear, and in return I'll undertake to write to you only in my after-breakfast mood, quite the most respectable I possess. It is nine now.

Papa, in the slippers you can't have forgotten, is in his corner by the stove, loudly disagreeing with the morning paper; he keeps on shouting *Schafskopf*. Johanna is carrying coals about and dropping them with a great noise. My stepmother is busy telling her how wrong it is to drop dirty coals in clean places. I am writing on a bit of the breakfast-table, surrounded by crumbs and coffee-cups. I will not clear them away till I've finished my letter, because then I am sure you'll get nothing either morbid or lovesick. Who, I'd like to know, could flame into love-talk or sink into the mud of morbidness from a starting-point of anything so sprightly as crumbs and coffee-cups?

It was too sweet of you to compare me to Nausicaa in your letter yesterday. Nobody ever did that before. Various aunts, among whom a few years ago there was a great mortality, so that they are all now aunts in heaven, told me in divers tones that I was much too long for my width, that I was like the handle of a broom, like the steeple of the *Stadtkirche*, like a tree walking; but none of them ever said anything about Nausicaa. I doubt if they had ever heard of her. I'm afraid if they had they wouldn't have seen that I am like her. You know the blindness of aunts. Jena is full of them (not mine, *Gott sei Dank*, but other people's) and they are all stone-blind. I don't mean, of course, that the Jena streets are thick with aunts being led by dogs on strings, but that they have that tragic blindness of the spirit that misses seeing things that are hopeful and generous and lovely; things alight with young enthusiasms, or beautiful with a patience that has had time to grow grey. They also have that odd, unfurnished sort of mind that can never forget and never forgive. Yesterday at the *Kaffee-Klatsch* I met them all again, the Jena aunts I know so well and who are yet for ever strange, for ever of a ghastly freshness. It was the first this season, and now I suppose I shall waste many a good afternoon *klatsching*. How I wish I had not to go. My stepmother says that if I do not show myself I shall be put down as eccentric. 'You are not very popular,' says she, 'as it is. Do not, therefore, make matters worse.' Then she appeals, should a more than usual stubbornness cloud my open countenance, to Papa. 'Ferdinand,' she says, 'shall she not, then, do as others of her age?' And of course Papa says, bless him, that girls must see life occasionally, and is quite unhappy if I won't. Life? God bless him for a dear, innocent Papa. And how they talked yesterday. Papa would have writhed. He never will talk

or listen to talk about women unless they've been dead some time, so uninteresting, so unworthy of discussion does he consider all live females except Johanna to be. And if I hadn't had my love-letter (I took it with me tucked inside my dress, where my heart could beat against it), I don't think I would have survived that *Klatsch*. You've no idea how proudly I set out. Hadn't I just been reading the sweetest things about myself in your letter? Of course I was proud. And I felt so important, and so impressive, and simply gloriously good-tempered. The pavement of Jena, I decided as I walked over it, was quite unworthy to be touched by my feet; and if the passers-by only knew it, an extremely valuable person was in their midst. In fact, my dear Roger, I fancied myself yesterday. Didn't Odysseus think Nausicaa was Artemis when first he met her among the washing, so god-like did she appear? Well, I felt god-like yesterday, made god-like by your love. I actually fancied people would *see* something wonderful had happened to me, that I was transfigured, *verklärt*. Positively, I had a momentary feeling that my coming in, the coming in of anything so happy, must blind the *Kaffee-Klatsch*, that anything so burning with love must scorch it. Well, it didn't. Never did torch plunged into wetness go out with a drearier fizzle than did my little shining. Nobody noticed anything different. Nobody seemed even to look at me. A few careless hands were stretched out, and the hostess told me to ask the servant to bring more milk.

They were talking about sin. We don't sin much in Jena, so generally they talk about sick people, or their neighbour's income and what he does with it. But yesterday they talked sin. You know because we are poor and Papa has no official position and I have come to be twenty-five without having found a husband, I am a *quantité négligeable* in our set, a being in whose presence everything can be said, and who is expected to sit in a draught if there is one. Too old to join the young girls in the corner set apart for them, where they whisper and giggle and eat amazing quantities of whipped cream, I hover uneasily on the outskirts of the group of the married, and try to ingratiate myself by keeping on handing them cakes. It generally ends in my being sent out every few minutes by the hostess to the kitchen to fetch more food and things. 'Rose-Marie is so useful,' she will explain to the others when I have been extra quick and cheerful; but I don't suppose Nausicaa's female acquaintances said more. The man Ulysses might take her for a goddess, but the most the women would do would be to

commend the way she did the washing. Sometimes I have great trouble not to laugh when I see their heads, often quite venerable, gathered together in an eager bunch, and hear them expressing horror, sympathy, pity, in every sort of appropriate tone, while their eyes, their tell-tale eyes, betrayers of the soul, look pleased. Why they should be pleased when somebody has had an operation or doesn't pay his debts I can't make out. But they do. And after a course of *Klatsches* throughout the winter, you are left towards April with one firm conviction in a world where everything else is shaky, that there's not a single person who isn't either extraordinarily ill, or, if he's not, who does not misuse his health and strength by not paying his servants' wages.

Yesterday the *Klatsch* was in a fearful flutter. It had got hold of a tale of sin, real or suspected. It was a tale of two people who, after leading exemplary lives for years, had suddenly been clutched by the throat by Nature; and Nature, we know, cares nothing at all for the claims of husbands and wives or any other lawfulnesses, and is a most unmoral and one-idea'd person. They have, says Jena, begun to love each other in defiance of the law. Nature has been too many for them, I suppose. All Jena is a-twitter. Nothing can be proved, but everything is being feared, said the hostess; from her eyes I'm afraid she wanted to say hoped. Isn't it ugly?—*pfui*, as we say. And so stale, if it's true. Why can't people defy Nature and be good? The only thing that is always fresh and beautiful is goodness. It is also the only thing that can make you go on being happy indefinitely.

I know her well. My heart failed me when I heard her being talked about so hideously. She is the nicest woman in Jena. She has been kind to me often. She is very clever. Perhaps if she had been more dull she would have found no temptation to do anything but jog along respectably—sometimes I think that to be without imagination is to be so very safe. He has only come to these parts lately. He used to be in Berlin, and has been appointed to a very good position in Weimar. I have not met him, but Papa says he is brilliant. He has a wife, and she has a husband, and they each have a lot of children; so you see if it's true it really is very *pfui*.

Just as the *Kaffee-Klatsch* was on the wane, and crumbs were being brushed off laps, and bonnet-strings tied, in<sup>to</sup> she walked. There was a moment's dead silence. Then you should have heard the effusion of welcoming speeches. The hostess ran up and

hugged her. The others were covered with pleasant smiles. Perhaps they were grateful to her for having provided such thrilling talk. When I had to go and kiss her hand I never in my life felt baser. You should have seen her looking round cheerfully at all the Judases, and saying she was sorry to be late, and asking if they hadn't missed her; and you should have heard the eager chorus of assurances.

Oh, *pfui, pfui*.

R.-M.

How much I love goodness, straightness, singleness of heart—  
*you*.

Later.

I walked part of the way home with the calumniated one. How charming she is. Dear little lady, it would be difficult not to love her. She talked delightfully about German and English poetry. Do you think one can talk delightfully about German and English poetry and yet be a sinner? Tell me, do you think a woman who is very intellectual, but very, *very* intellectual, could yet be a sinner? Would not her wits save her? Would not her bright wits save her from anything so dull as sin?

## IX.

Jena, Nov. 18th.

DEAREST,—I don't think I like that girl at all. Your letter from Clinches has just come, and I don't think I like her at all. What is more, I don't think I ever shall like her. And what is still more, I don't think I even want to. So your idea of her being a good friend to me later on in London must retire to that draughty corner of space where abortive ideas are left to eternal shivering. I'm sorry if I am offensively independent. But then I know so well that I won't be lonely if I'm with you, and I think rooting up, which you speak of as a difficult and probably painful process, must be very nice if you are the one to do it, and I am sure I could never by any possibility reach such depths of strangeness and doubt about what to do next as would induce me to stretch out appealing hands to a young woman with eyes that, as you put it, tilt at the corners. I wish you hadn't told her about us, about me. It has profaned things so, dragged them out into the streets, cheapened them. I don't in the least want to tell my father, or any one else. Does this sound as though I were angry? Well, I don't

think I am. On the contrary, I rather want to laugh. You dear silly ! So clever and so simple, so wise and crammed with learning, and such a dear, ineffable goose. How old am I, I wonder ? Only as old as you ? Really only as old ? Nonsense : I'm fifteen, twenty years your senior, my dear sir. I've lived in Jena, you in London. I frequent *Kaffee-Klatsches*, and you the great world. I talk much with Johanna in the kitchen, and you with heaven knows what in the way of geniuses. Yet no male Nancy Cheriton, were his eyelids never so tilted, would ring a word out of me about a thing so near, so precious, so much soul of my soul as my lover.

How would you explain this ? I've tried and can't.

Your rebellious ROSE-MARIE.

Darling, darling, don't ask me to like Nancy. The thing's unthinkable.

Later.

Now I know why I am wiser than you : life in kitchens and *Klatsches* turns the soul grey very early. Didn't one of your poets sing of somebody who had a sad lucidity of soul ? I'm afraid that is what's the matter with me.

(To be continued.)



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